

JULY, 1946

INSIDE DETECTIVE

10 CENTS

# INSIDE detective

JULY 10 CENTS



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LARGEST SELLING  
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**DELL**  
• A DELL MAGAZINE •

THE  
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MURDER  
CASE



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# HAVE YOU GOT A.F.?

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**WARNING!** Surveys show 7 out of 10 adults are infected with dangerous, unsightly Athlete's Foot every year. And the disease rages at its worst in warm weather—public bathing and summer perspiration increase chances of infection. Every man, woman and child should fight dreaded Athlete's Foot, especially now as summer begins. Use pleasant, soothing Quinsana fungicidal powder on feet and in shoes daily. Millions of tins of Quinsana have been used with great success—proved very effective in the Armed Forces.



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**EXCELLENT FOR FOOT COMFORT**, and to combat excessive perspiration and foot odor. Get Quinsana powder now, see how it instantly cools and comforts hot, tired feet. **THE MENNEN COMPANY, New York, N. Y.**

# INSIDE detective

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Gover Kedachrome by Pagano

## The Third Degree



Commissioner Wallander

YOU DON'T think a criminal can be a hero? Well, consider the case of John Farragher and Albert Ray, both small-time hoodlums from New York City. Like most of their kind, they were finally caught and sentenced to terms in the Elmira State Reformatory, where they met and were prison buddies until they had served their terms and were freed.

Then came the war, and Farragher and Ray, like millions of other Americans, went into the Army. They went through their basic training and eventually were shipped to France as members of the Eleventh Armored Division. The friendship that was begun behind the walls at Elmira was cemented on the bloody battlefields of Europe. Excellent fighters both, Farragher was a corporal and a tank gunner, while Ray was promoted in the field to second lieutenant. They were in the thick of battle through France and Germany and they acquitted themselves so gloriously that Ray received the Bronze Star Medal and two battle citations while Farragher got two battle stars.

We wish the story could end there, but it doesn't. The scene shifts to New York's Hotel Berkeley in postwar times—the night of April 13, 1946, to be exact. Two gunmen entered the hotel, slugged the elevator operator and, while robbing the night clerk, were interrupted by the arrival of three policemen. Ignoring the order to "get 'em up," the gunmen elected to shoot it out, and both were shot dead by the police.

The slain gunmen, of course, were identified as Albert Ray and John Farragher, ex-convicts and ex-war heroes who had returned with the cessation of conflict to their criminal ways. How much better it would have been had they been killed in action—honorably—at the front!

Police Commissioner Arthur Wallander and Mayor William O'Dwyer—himself a former cop—hurried to the scene, congratulated the three patrolmen and offered them promotion to the detective bureau on the spot.

"This is a perfect job," said Mr. Wallander. "It's an open and shut case. There's nothing left but for the undertaker."

Commissioner Wallander is not case-hardened, not inhuman, but he has a tough job of law enforcement to do and he is doing it.

\*\*\*

TO TURN to more cheerful things, we have a letter from an American Army lieutenant stationed in India who points out that a pretty model who portrays the role of a married woman in an illustration in our December Overseas Edition, is not wearing a wedding ring. "I have no doubt that this is a studio error," he writes. And he adds with a straight face:

"If you care to supply the name and address of the lovely model concerned, I may be able to assist in repairing the deficiency of a wedding ring."

Woo-woo!

—THE OLD SLEUTH

THE BEST SUMMER DRINKS like a delicious Ronrico Collins are made with fine quality Ronrico rum.

For the Connoisseur  
**RONRICO**  
Best RUM has ever

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RELIEVES HOT  
TIRED, TENDER  
PERSPIRING FEET



### TAKES "BITE" OUT OF TIGHT SHOES

For day-long relief, shake Dr. Scholl's Foot Powder on your feet and into shoes and stockings. So easy, convenient, economical. Makes a world of difference how new or tight shoes feel on your feet. Ever so soothing to tender, tired, burning, perspiring or odorous feet. Helps guard against Athlete's Foot by keeping the feet dry. Use Dr. Scholl's Foot Powder and see how much more comfortable your feet will be. It costs but a trifle. At Drug, Shoe, Department Stores, Toilet Goods Counters.



**Dr. Scholl's  
FOOT POWDER**

*Catchy-catch!*



THE POET who said that in the spring a young man's fancy turns to love, didn't tell it all. It is a fact that the month of May does strange things to people, but chiefly it makes them happy and gay and perhaps a little giddy. Hence you can understand and forgive the unusual actions of two girls we shall call Mary Smith and Jane Brown, though these are not their real names.

Mary was 21 and her friend was two years younger. They were employed by the Household Finance Co., located at 1 Hanson Place in the borough where anything can happen and usually does—Brooklyn. The day's work was about over and the girls wanted to play, it being spring, mind you. About the easiest thing to play inside an office is catchy-catch.

Catchy-catch is a simple game. All it involves is for two or more persons to throw something back and forth. The usual object that is thrown in a game of catchy-catch is a softball or beanbag, but in a pinch almost anything throwable can be used. Mary and Jane had no softball or beanbag, but they did have an excellent substitute—a bag holding the day's receipts, amounting to \$1,050.

Before you could say, "Careful!" the two girls were firing the thousand-and-fifty-dollar bag back and forth.

Well, the window was open, it being warm and balmy outside. You guessed it. Jane made a wild pitch, and though Mary reached, she couldn't capture the bag. It sailed right out that window.

The office, worse luck, was six floors above the street, and the street was jammed with a rush-hour multitude homeward bound. The stricken girls leaned out the window, saw the precious bag drop into the arms of a pretty bobby-soxer, and saw the bobby-soxer disappear with it. It became necessary to inform Mr. Edward Herma, manager of the office, of the sad event.

What Mr. Herma said is not recorded, but he immediately called the Bergen Street police station, and soon Detective Hyman Gillary was assigned to the impossible task of finding an unknown miss carrying a bag containing \$1,050 and bearing the name of the Brooklyn Trust Co., 65 Flatbush Avenue.

A story about spring should have a happy ending, and that's where this one fills the bill. A short time later Andrew Fox, an employee of the Brooklyn Edison Co., was waiting for a train in the Long Island depot. There was a thud beside him, and a young girl asked him if he had dropped a bag. He said no, but she said she was in a hurry, and would be please take care of it, and she shoved it into his arms. Mr. Fox saw the address on the bag and returned it next day.

So everybody was happy. That included the two miserable catchy-catch players; the manager, who hated to see money go out the window; the insurance company, which would not have to make good the loss; and Detective Gillary, whose case was solved for him. Even the unknown bobby-soxer, who obviously had had an argument with her conscience before she unloaded the money, must have felt beautifully honest and virtuous.

Ain't spring wonderful?

Don't let dry, wild  
**"SUN-BAKED" HAIR**  
ruin your summer!



*Crazy?* He wears a hat wherever he goes. He thinks he has to, because summer sun and wind always bake and tangle his hair into such an awful looking mess. Kreml is famous to groom dry, wild "sun-baked" hair. Keeps it neat all day.



*Pigg Sog:* And how soggy he looks with his hair plastered down with greasy goo. He-men like to take a poke out of giggles like this! If only the poor dope would try Kreml. It keeps hair looking handsome, so lustrious—yet SO MASCULINE—never oily or greasy.



*Best Summer Ever:* First summer he used Kreml and what a pleasure! Kreml makes tangled, wind-tossed hair so easy to comb. Scalp so clean, cool, refreshed. Keeps dry "sun-baked" hair neatly groomed all day. Just notice how the "sick-chicks" go for your Kreml-groomed hair!

• Ask for Kreml Hair Tonic at your barber shop. Buy a bottle at any drug counter. Use Kreml daily for a cleaner scalp—for better-groomed hair.

**KREML** Hair Tonic

A product of R. B. Smiler, Inc.

Keeps Hair Better-Groomed Without Looking Greasy—  
Relieves Itching of Dry Scalp—Removes Dandruff Flakes





By Dr. LeMoyné Snyder, Medicolegal

Director, Michigan State Police

# Homicide Investigation

## The Investigation of Deaths Due to Highway Accidents

This chapter of Dr. Snyder's book was written by C. W. Muehlberger, director of the Michigan Crime Detection Laboratory at the East Lansing, Mich., headquarters of the Michigan State Police.

**AS IN ALL** criminal investigation, it is extremely important that the investigator of a highway accident make his observations and collect his evidence as soon as possible after the event has occurred. A complete account of the mishap, together with photographs, accurate measurements and a sketch of the area involved should be made at once. Obviously certain types of evidence are easily lost or defaced as heavy traffic moves over the highway. Skid marks, tire imprints in mud, bits of glass and broken parts of an automobile and similar types of evidence are easily obliterated or destroyed within a short time after the accident.

The investigation of the scene of the accident consists of a search for traces left by the vehicle (automobile, airplane, truck, motorcycle, bicycle, tractor or horse-drawn vehicle) and traces left by the victim, who may have been struck by the vehicle or thrown from it.

### Traces Left by Vehicle

1. **Skid Marks.**—The location, direction and length of skid marks may be very important to a reconstruction of the facts of an accident and to the evaluation of the statements made by the driver of the vehicle or other witnesses. They serve to check on the driver's statement as to how soon he saw the pedestrian or obstacle and how rapidly he applied the brakes. They also give a fairly reliable guide as to the speed of his vehicle at the time the brakes were set. Skid marks should not only be measured accurately and designated on the sketch of the accident scene, but their shape and location should be recorded by appropriate photographs.

2. **Dirt from the Undersurface of the Fenders.**—The location of such dirt dropped on the highway as a result of the impact of an automobile with some resisting object may be of great value in the reconstruction of the accident. Coupled with the observation of the skid marks, it may provide valuable evidence as to which

of two vehicles was violating the rules of safe driving. The location of such dirt should appear in the photographic record of the accident scene.

3. **Tire Tracks left in Mud, Sand or Snow.**—These may give valuable evidence as to the identity of the vehicle, particularly if the imprint is so fresh as to show details of surface defects in the tread. While all tires of the same size and manufacture are pretty much alike as they come from the moulds, they take on highly individual characteristics after they have been driven for some distance. Skid marks, cuts by glass, nails and sharp stones, and similar abrasions on the tread surface, cause each tire to assume a distinctly individual character. These marks

are visible in the tire track and may enable one positively to identify the tire. Records of such tire tracks should be made not only photographically, but also with a three-dimensional record in the form of a "moulage" or cast. The photograph and moulage must be made quickly to prevent deterioration of the track due to drying, melting or physical defacement.

4. **Material from the Vehicle.**—This may consist of glass from broken vehicle lights or from a broken windshield or window, metal parts from the grille, door handles, ornaments or trimmings of the car; or it may consist of fragments of paint or enamel knocked from the machine by impact. Likewise, the presence of puddles of oil, water or anti-freeze so-



THE AUTOMOBILE above was connected with a fatal accident by the damage to its front end. The parking light missing from right fender was the ciliaher.



SOMETIMES fabric is torn from a victim's clothing. Suspected vehicles may bear the missing piece of cloth, which can be positively identified if found.

PIECES OF A headlight are fitted together atop a base of putty (left) to prove that fragments picked up at the accident scene came from a certain car.

(Reprinted from "Homicide Investigation." Price \$5, postpaid. Copyrighted 1944 by Charles C. Thomas, Publisher, Springfield, Ill.)

lution may give evidence of damage to the automobile if the vehicle itself had been driven away or removed prior to the discovery of the accident.

If a suspect's car is discovered later, the matching of such particles of glass into the remaining portion of the light lens may be of value in showing that the light lens was broken at the site of the accident. Where the particles of glass are too small to permit a matching of fracture surfaces, it still may be possible to show a similarity of their physical properties to those of the glass of the suspected car.

Thus, even with particles of glass as small as sand grains, one may determine such properties as specific gravity, refractive index, and dispersion. Where these values are identical for both the glass particles found at the scene of the accident and the glass remaining in the suspect's automobile, this is a valuable circumstance which may be of help in convincing a jury. Likewise, portions of the broken grille, trim or door handle of the car found at the scene of the accident may be matched with the portion remaining on the car.

**Traces Left by Victim.**—Careful search of the scene of the accident should be made for traces of blood, body tissue or human hairs which may have resulted from the injury to the victim. Likewise, if the clothing of the victim had been torn by the impact, one may find cloth or textile fragments at the scene of the accident. The location of such evidence should be noted carefully on the sketch of the accident scene and the material retained for examination. If the blood is fresh and moist, a small amount of it should be taken at once to the laboratory for examination. Hairs, textile fragments and suspected human tissue should be carefully wrapped in clean paper, placed in envelopes and taken to the laboratory as quickly as possible.

#### Examination of the Suspected Vehicle

The vehicle suspected of having been involved in the accident should be examined for evidences of impact, also for any traces left on it by contact with the victim's person or with any vehicle in which the victim may have been riding. Such an examination should not be made casually. Strict attention should be paid, not only to those portions of the car which might have struck the victim, but especially to the undersurface of the chassis.

For this latter purpose the use of a greasing sack or a hydraulic hoist, such as is commonly employed in greasing automobiles, is of invaluable assistance. It permits the investigator to get underneath the car and examine it with adequate light and with sufficient comfort to be conducive to a thorough search for evidence.

**Mechanical Damage to Vehicle Indicating Impact.**—Evidences of mechanical damage to the vehicle indicating impact consists of dents, scrape marks, chipped-off paint or enamel, broken glass, or broken metal parts. Dents in fenders, hood, body of the car, bumpers or grill-work should be noted and observed as to their location and shape. The direction of impact often can be determined from the direction of scratches leading to the dent. Likewise, the age of the dent may be approximated by noting the color of the exposed metal. Obviously, a dent which exposes rusty metal could not have been made a few hours prior to the examination, whereas one with a shiny metal surface probably was of recent origin.

**Scrape marks** on the enamel of the car or on plated surfaces may indicate contact with the body of the victim or with his vehicle if it happened to have been riding in another automobile or on a bicycle. The nature of these scrape marks may be particularly important in indicating the fabric of the clothing of the deceased. Frequently, in a



"Bert always likes the best things in life."

hit-and-run accident, the rub marks on the front fenders will correspond to the ridges of the cloth of the victim's cap, coat or trousers. A comparison of the fabric of the deceased's clothing which may have come into contact with the car and the scrape marks found on the car may constitute important circumstantial evidence. These relations can best be demonstrated by careful photographing of the scrape marks and of the fabric, taking care that both photographs are enlarged to the same degree of magnification.

Evidences of broken glass in the suspected vehicle should be searched for and any remaining glass from a broken headlight bulb, spotlight, parking light or windshield, should be preserved and compared with the broken glass found at the scene of the accident. In this way it is frequently possible to piece together glass from the scene of the accident and glass remaining in an automobile headlight so as to show beyond all doubt that the glass of the accident came from that particular headlight.

Broken off metal parts also should be carefully observed and a comparison made of any particles of broken metal found at the scene of the accident to see if these match the missing parts on the suspected vehicle. In one instance, a car which was responsible for a fatal hit-and-run accident was positively identified by means of its radiator emblem which was previously found buried in the back of the victim. A matching of the fracture of the portion of the emblem taken from the body with that remaining at the front of the hood of the suspected automobile showed definitely that they had once been a single piece of metal.

Occasionally areas of chipped-off paint or enamel may be found on the suspect's vehicle. Any paint or enamel found at the scene of the accident should be retained and compared with that of the suspected

vehicle, not only as to color and composition but also as to the shape of the chipped-off particles with respect to the corresponding areas of the suspected vehicle from which paint or enamel had apparently recently disappeared. These points may all be well established by taking appropriate photographs.

**Traces Left on the Automobile by the Victim's Person.**—From the nature of the injuries to the victim, one may best judge as to the type of material which may be expected. Thus in an injury where there has been no shedding of blood it seems futile to search for bloodstains. Or in an instance where the body surfaces have not been materially injured, it is a waste of time to search for particles of tissue or bone. Conversely, where there has been profuse bleeding or where the skull has been fractured and brain tissue knocked from the cerebral cavity, one may well expect to find bloodstains, particles of bone or of brain tissue on parts of the automobile which may have come into contact with the victim's body. As has been previously pointed out, a thorough search of the undersurface of the car should be made for evidences of contact with the body as the car passed over it.

**Bloodstains.**—If bloodstains are found their location and size should be carefully noted; the direction of splashing may be determined from the shape of the stains. Inasmuch as many animals (rabbits, dogs, cats, etc.) are encountered in night driving on the highways, one may occasionally find the blood of these on any automobile. Such splashes from contact with animals are ordinarily found on the bumper or grill-work of the car; bloodstains found at higher points from the ground are more to be suspected. Observations should be made as to whether the bloodstains appear to be fresh (moist and sticky) or whether they appear well dried. In either event the laboratory technician should be asked

to examine them in order to get the maximum of information from the stain. The examination will establish:

(a) Whether the stain is actually blood (it may well be red paint or some other substance which has a red color).

(b) Whether the blood is of human origin. This is important in determining the possible truth of the statement that bloodstains resulted from contact with an animal.

(c) The blood group of the individual from which the stain came. This can be determined if the stain is reasonably fresh and contains enough blood. Ordinarily, a good-sized drop of blood is required for grouping tests alone. In old dried stains, the agglutinins upon which blood grouping tests depend are largely destroyed by aging and oxidation. With such old dried stains, an accurate grouping test cannot be made. It should be borne in mind that a person showing that the suspected vehicle contains human blood of the same blood group as the victim is no proof that the vehicle struck the victim. Such blood may have come from any other person having the same blood group. The converse, however, is of definite probative value. The finding of a Group A blood on the vehicle proves definitely that this could not have resulted from the striking of a victim having Group B blood. Thus it may be seen that blood grouping tests provide very little help in the prosecution in a hit-and-run case, but may prove of utmost value in the defense of such a case.

**Tissue Particles.**—Particles of tissue or bone which may be found on the automobile should be carefully preserved and taken at once to the laboratory for examination. Such particles are frequently found at the front of the car where the victim was struck or on the sides of the car (at hinges or door handles), or on the undersurface of the car such as on the axle, springs or differentials where the car may have struck the body while passing over it. If the amount of tissue is sufficient, it may be possible to establish its nature by a histological examination (an examination by which the material is cut into very fine slices, stained with dyes and examined with a high-power microscope).

**Hairs.**—Since the head of the victim is frequently brought into violent contact with the automobile which strikes him, it is not at all uncommon to find his hair on the suspected vehicle. The hair may be merely adhering to the car or it may be embedded in blood, tissue or grease. In any event the hairs should be removed after their location on the car has been definitely noted and such hairs submitted to the laboratory for a microscopic examination in comparison with hairs known to have come from the body (usually the head) of the victim. From an examination of hairs taken from the car and hairs taken from the victim, one may draw certain conclusions. The two groups of hairs (from the vehicle and from the victim) could be compared as to their:

- Color
  - Waviness
  - Range of diameter
  - Degree of ellipticity of cross-section.
- Straight wavy hairs, such as those of the American Indian or Chinese, are more likely to have a circular cross-section than very wavy or kinky hair such as the head hairs of Negroes. The latter are more likely to be elliptical in cross-section.

(c) The size and distribution of pigment granules in the shaft of the hair.

(d) The presence or absence of a "medulla" or "core" in the center of the hair shaft, also whether this medulla is continuous, discontinuous, spotty, or entirely absent. In human hairs the medulla occupies only  $\frac{1}{4}$  to  $\frac{1}{2}$  of the total diameter of the hair. In other animals the medulla constitutes a large proportion of the hair diameter.

(e) The ends of the hair from the victim

# INSIDE INFORMATION

BY LARRY ROBERTS

■ Pity the poor executioner department: M. Henri Anatole Deibler, official French headman, had his troubles. "Were I a poet," complained M. Deibler, "slaying in the name of *la belle France*, I would be decorated with ribbons and medals. But, alas, I slay only in the name of the law, so they call me a butcher and reward me with loathing and contempt."

■ The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals please take notice: Some owners of Mexican Chihuahuas are reported to be feeding the hairless two-pound midgets of the dog world eyedropper quantities of gin to stunt their growth. Or doesn't this come under the head of cruelty?

■ Inside Dope: Veteran bureau of narcotics agents remember only too well the serious situation following World War I when returning doughboys tried to smuggle in narcotics abandoned on the battlefields of Europe. Today history is repeating itself. The "N-men" are making a desperate effort to stem the infiltration of the tremendous supplies of narcotics known to be missing in medical corps inventories. Agents are also concerned about the GI's individual morphine syrettes (the pain-killers packed by all combat troops for use in emergency). Syrettes are unaccounted for in unrevealed quantities.

■ According to missing persons bureaus, men who leave wife and family to "start life all over again" display very little originality in selecting a new name. Nine out of every ten either adopt their mother's maiden names of pick aliases that sound pretty much like the original names, with the same number of syllables.

■ Dr. Herman N. Bundesen, Chicago public health head, celebrated for his successful campaign to reduce infant mortality by providing prenatal care for expectant mothers, used to specialize in quite another kind of mortality—the kind that has to do with bullets instead of babies. Dr. Bundesen was the Windy City's coroner at the time of the St. Valentine's Day massacre of the "Bugs" Moran mob 17 years ago.

■ Prison rumors are the same the whole world over. Two standard favorites in all countries and all languages are (1) that an inmate found a stewed mouse in the beans, (2) that an ailing con, given cough syrup by the "croakers," spread the stuff on a crust of bread, fed it to a bird and the bird dropped dead. Taint so!

■ Contrary to public opinion it is the worst case in the pen who are the ones most likely to be credited with good behavior—not the first offenders. The repeaters are past masters in the gentle art of bending prison rules and regulations to the breaking point and at the same time simulating good behavior. But the prisoner who has never done time before often loses part of his "good time" before he has even had a

chance to adjust himself to the unfamiliar institutional routine.

■ They're still talking in Tokyo about what Hirokazu Matsuzaka said to Tatsunosuke Takahashi, his cellmate in Sugamo prison. Takahashi, a dog warden, had been caught in a black market deal to provide the capital's fanciest restaurants with fresh dogmeat for their table. Matsuzaka was in the Sugamo clink for his nefarious activities as former prison bureau chief. Said the man who had once been the top penal official in all Japan to the dogcatcher, "If I had ever dreamed I'd be ending my days here in Sugamo, the least I could have done was to take more care in building this hole."

■ Immediately after Von Roentgen announced his discovery of X-rays 50 years ago alarmed householders flocked to police headquarters. Many had heard rumors burglars could use X-ray spectacles which would permit them to see through drawn shades into parlors and bedrooms where cash and valuables might be hidden.

■ Sugar rationing has bit scientific crime detection—especially detectives preparing plaster casts of footprints at the scene of a crime. The dicks mix sugar with the plaster of Paris to slow down the hardening process, thus producing better results. Things have come to a pretty pass when sleuths have to raid their own pantries at home—when the missus isn't looking.

■ So many confidence men, gangsters, racketeers and known criminals from all over the country gave Florida hot spots a play last winter that a detail of FBI agents mingled with the crowds the whole season spotting wanted criminals. At the same time Elmer Irey's Treasury agents checked extravagant expenditures of suspected black marketeers for future comparison with their income tax returns.

■ When the keeper of a federal pen shakes hands with a discharged prisoner he slips a \$20 bill and a free ticket home in the ex-con's palm. It's the law.

■ Thieves and their ilk have no fear of the dangers of inflation on the national economy. The things thieves steal during a period of inflation net them enough extra mazzinas to balance the rise in the cost of living. In depressions, on the other hand, the professional thief is as badly off as any honest man. What he steals brings less—which directly reduces his income in the same proportions as anyone else's.

■ In England a taleman who will "hang" a jury sooner than hang a prisoner-at-the-bar is known as a "Buffum" after an old Lincolnshireman who wouldn't hang a man for stealing a horse. In Buffum's day—during the last century—juries were locked up without food until they reached a verdict. Buffum ousted his 11 fellows to get the defendant acquitted although the prisoner had admitted on the stand that he was guilty of the felony.







# LOREN HAMBY FREED!



**PARDONED** by the governor of Colorado, Loren Hamby no longer wears the number 21445. His sisters and mother met him at the prison gate (below).

FOR SIX YEARS HIS FAMILY

FOUGHT TO BRUSH THE STAIN OF

"MURDERER" FROM HIS NAME



**I**N THE MARCH *INSIDE* DETECTIVE appeared a story by Mrs. Doris Young entitled *My Brother Is Innocent*. In it Mrs. Young told the story of the conviction of her brother, Loren Hamby, for the murder of George T. Carnes, filling station operator of Walsenburg, Col., in a holdup June 27, 1937.

There were two unusual things about the case. One was that the family of Loren Hamby were so convinced of his innocence that they spent much of their modest fortune and a good deal of their time for years trying to prove it. The other was that the evidence indicated strongly that Hamby really was innocent.

Now Loren Hamby and his family have been vindicated. On April 3, Hamby walked out of the Colorado state prison at Canon City a free man, with a pardon in his hand from Governor Vivian stating that he had been "erroneously convicted." After more than six years in prison his name has been cleared and the efforts of his family have been rewarded.

In a letter to the editor of *INSIDE DETECTIVE*, Hamby gives great credit to Denver Post Correspondent Robert Fenwick, Police Chief "Dad" Bruce of Colorado Springs and Dr. Leonarde Keeler, lie detector scientist, for aiding his release. He also thanks this magazine for its support of his case.

"Needless to say, I am happy to be home with my loved ones," Mr. Hamby writes. "The only sad thing is, my father isn't here. He passed away February 28 with a broken heart. Our financial resources are completely exhausted. My health is gone. I weigh less than 100 pounds, but I hope with God's help to get strong again. Seven years' incarceration for another's crime which I know nothing about has been hard. Had it not been for Robert Fenwick and the others I might still be No. 21445."

Fitted with civilian clothes and carrying \$14.60 which the state gave him as "going away" money, Loren Hamby left the stone-walled prison accompanied by his aging mother and two sisters, Mrs. Clara Gans and Mrs. Young. He went home, put his feet into a comfortable pair of slippers, and sank into the softness of a deep sofa as he talked with family and friends.

An appropriation of \$6,000 for his relief will be sought in the next regular session of the Colorado legislature. Most important to Hamby, however, is that he is free and can now begin building up his health so that he can again take the place in normal society which was so tragically taken away more than six years ago.



# THE *hush-hush* MURDER CASE

THE "MISSING" MAN WAS REALLY DEAD — BUT

THAT WAS THE DETECTIVES' SECRET, UNTIL . . .



WHEN Violet Hoover (left) asked police to find her husband Don (below), Hoover was hurried under six feet of sod.



DETECTIVE CHIEF Tom Farley (left foreground) and other investigators were present when Dr. A. C. Storry (in white gown) performed an autopsy on the shotgun victim and identified him without a doubt as Don Hoover.

TOM FARLEY, chief of detectives at Sioux City, Ia., glanced up as Detective Sergeants Russell White and Frank Edwards entered his office. He nodded a greeting and motioned to chairs.

It was a few minutes past 8 o'clock on Friday morning, October 19, 1945. The morning show-up had just been completed. The outer office was jammed with bail bond brokers, criminal attorneys and saddened relatives of men and women picked up during the night.

Farley spoke rapidly. "We had a cold one tossed in our laps about midnight. When the story breaks it will set a lot of people back on their heels."

Edwards, veteran of a quarter century on the force, grinned at White. "He's telling us it's our headache from now on out."

"You remember the body Sheriff Goodsell fished out of the river near Homer, Nebraska, last month?" Farley continued. "Well, hold on to your hats. That was Don Hoover. His mother and sisters identified the clothing and pictures of the body last night."

"Hoover?" Edwards exclaimed. "So they finally got the big shot. But I thought he was in South Dakota."

Farley nodded. "He's back now and under six feet of Nebraska sod in the Dakota City cemetery. Someone blasted him in the back three times with a 12-gauge shotgun."

"There's no doubt that it's Hoover?" White queried. "I heard that the body was in pretty bad shape when they found it."

"The description fits him to a T," Farley declared. "After his mother identified the clothing, she found a liquor permit book in a pocket built into the belt lining of his pants. I've called the county attorney's office and they've arranged with Nebraska authorities to dig him up for a more accurate check. There'll be an autopsy at the grave side this morning. It's your case. If you need help, just holler."

"Wait a minute," Edwards objected. "The body was found 16 miles south of here and on the Nebraska side of the river. How come it's our headache? Is there any reason to figure he was killed in Iowa and dumped over there?"

"No, except that Goodsell has searched every bit of the river bank over there without any luck. I told you it was a cold one."

"What about his family? Have they any ideas? What does his wife say?" White asked.

Farley shook his head. "We haven't talked to them except to tell his mother and sisters to say nothing about the identification. We're not breaking the story to the papers until you give us the go-ahead. His wife filed divorce proceedings a couple of weeks after he was buried over there so I don't suppose she knows much about it. We've got to be

hush-hush on this. There are too many angles for us to take a chance on scaring off anyone who might have some information."

"We'll have to pull one out of the hat to find the guy who did this," Edwards said. "I can name a hundred men who threatened Hoover."

"And about that many women," White added. "We might as well get over to Nebraska and the autopsy and start from there."

"I'll be there with the identification boys," Farley promised.

A few minutes later Edwards and White were on their way to the Dakota City cemetery, ten miles south of Sioux City. As they drove across the long bridge only half a dozen blocks from police headquarters, Edwards pointed to the muddy, swirling water of the Missouri River. "It doesn't seem possible a body would travel from here to Homer. If it got hung up on a bar or snag for just a few minutes the silt would cover it."

It seemed incredible to them that the pudgy, bald, 39-year-old Don Hoover was dead. During the past several years he had been knifed, clubbed and shot at but always escaped serious injury. Owner and operator of the Traveler's Hotel at Fourth and Virginia Streets on the fringe of Sioux City's shopping district, Hoover had been in constant conflict with the police. The small, second-story hotel was only a blind for more profitable ventures. He had accumulated a sizable fortune by bootlegging in the roaring twenties, turned his organizational talents to the prostitution racket, and more recently had been recognized as one of the key figures in the dope traffic in the Midwest.

Early in 1945 there were persistent rumors along Sioux City's rialto that Hoover was pulling out of the racket, planning to leave town and start a legitimate business in a neighboring state. The police, accustomed to the red herrings he always dragged across his trail before he engineered some coup, wondered what new scheme he had in mind.

**THEY WERE** surprised to learn that he actually had gone into South Dakota, bought an interest in a truck line and was devoting most of his time to it. Management of the hotel was taken over by his attractive 29-year-old auburn-haired wife Violet, more familiarly known as "Rusty." She was a shrewd business woman, accustomed to a husband who often traveled. Edwards and White knew that Hoover had made a couple of quick trips to Sioux City in recent months, transacted some business with his banker, spent a few hours at the hotel and returned to South Dakota.

"Rusty" Hoover was the daughter of a well-to-do respected farm couple whose home was only a few miles from Sioux City. Ten years younger than Hoover, well-educated, always dressed in excellent taste, it had occasioned considerable comment in 1941 when she married a man of such unsavory reputation. That the two were very much devoted to each



**THE PLOTTERS** stealthily emerged at night to dispose of the body. (Photo is posed by professional models)

INVESTIGATORS gather with accused pain in scene at right, at the point where the victim was rolled into the river.

other was common gossip at the time.

Don Hoover made plenty of enemies during his "beyond the law" career. He had been threatened by gunmen from Minneapolis, Kansas City, Omaha and his own home town of Sioux City. He had always shrugged off these threats, telling friends he knew how to take care of himself.

The three shotgun wounds in his back proved that he had been overconfident. Edwards and White wondered whether he was victim of a gang execution. Had he been picked up in Sioux City and taken for a ride into the almost impenetrable willow brakes on the Nebraska side of the river? Why didn't his executioners weight the body and make sure it wouldn't float away?

Why, if Hoover had abandoned the rackets, was he blasted to death? Did someone suspect he might talk to the police? Had he outsmarted some other gang leader and profited only in hot lead?

At the grave side in Dakota City the detectives met Sioux City's aggressive prosecutor, Edward Moran; Sheriff Tony Goodsell of Dakota County, Neb., where the body was found, and B. B. Barber, Homer undertaker who prepared the body for burial and now supervised the exhumation. Dr. A. C. Stary and Dr. C. W. Whitehill, autopsy surgeons, were busy at a makeshift table arranging their instruments.

As the group waited for the casket to be lifted from the earth, Chief Farley and Lieutenant Harold Wier, police identification expert, arrived. Wier opened a dental chart obtained from a Sioux City dentist who had worked on Hoover's teeth.

"Some of this work was completed only a little while ago," he said. "It shouldn't take long to see if it checks. This and fingerprints, if we can get them, ought to tell the story."

County Attorney Moran nodded. "We're not going to stop with that. His mother said he broke his left leg when he was about 12. The bone will show the knitted break and the doctors will look for that. At the same time they'll dig out some of the shot and shell wadding. The laboratory can do wonders with that stuff."

While the surgeons worked at their grim task, Edwards and White conferred with Sheriff Goodsell to get the facts about the discovery of the body and the work of his office on the case.

On Monday, September 24, two Homer youths, Claude Harris and Bill Buchanan, spent the day hunting turtles along the Missouri River in the big bend area six miles east of Homer. In the afternoon they decided to work the backwater behind the government dike which extended from the Nebraska shore diagonally upstream to the edge of the main channel.

They slogged through tangled brush to the river edge and waded through waist-deep water between the shore and dike to



a bunch of drift logs caught among the piles. As Buchanan pushed some of the logs to one side, a mud-covered object bobbed to the surface, turned slowly and struck him on the leg. He let out a yell of fright and splashed wildly backward in a frantic effort to escape.

What at first glance appeared to be a sodden log was the bloated body of a man, face down in the muddy water. Only the face, eerily pale, swollen into a shapeless mass, was visible. The remainder of the body was coated with a thick shell of Missouri River mud.

After the first shock of surprise Harris and Buchanan anchored the body to a stake and raced to Homer to report their find. They went to Barber's combination furniture and undertaking store, and Barber called Sheriff Goodsell at the courthouse in Dakota City, six miles distant.

A dead man in the Missouri River was no novelty to Goodsell. Every few weeks he had to pull some bedraggled body from the swirling, muddy current, and the only question which worried him as he headed the rescue party toward the dike was "How long will it take to identify him?"

It was nearly 5 o'clock before they succeeded in lifting the body into a skiff and worked their way back to shore and the ambulance. Goodsell realized immediately that he had to find the answer to more questions than identity. The man had been shot, one charge entering the neck just above the collar of his leather jacket, two others ripping into the lower left side of the back.

"We took him to Barber's, cleaned him up, searched the clothes and tried to find something which would tell us who he was," the sheriff explained. "He wasn't a local man and didn't match the description of any missing person I had on file. The fingers had been partially destroyed by turtles and fish, so we couldn't get prints. Instead of broadcasting that we had a murder victim we announced only that we had an unidentified body."

"Why?" Edwards asked. "If someone asked about him it would give us a starting point."

"No one swallowed the bait?"

"Not right away," Goodsell said. "We had the description on commercial radio stations and the police network in Iowa, Nebraska, South Dakota and Minnesota early in the evening. When days passed with no inquiries, I figured the fellow was a stranger in this neck of the woods. The description was detailed enough and distinctive. You don't find many men who are almost bald, have a cauliflower left ear, are short, squat, heavy and wear a size 7, narrow-last shoe. His clothes were expensive. The leather jacket must have set him back \$50. His shoes were Florabrams and the shirt and pants fine quality gabardine."

"Hoover was a queer-looking chap," Edwards agreed. "It seems funny none of his friends or family recognized the description and came over to ask about it."

"Scared, I suppose," Goodsell replied. "If they had any idea he had been shot they didn't want to get tangled up in a murder investigation. His family told me they thought he was in South Dakota."

"What else did you do?" White asked.

"Called police and sheriffs around here. A couple of your men came over from Sioux City, but the body was in bad shape. The cold river water had preserved it but once it was in the warm air it literally fell apart. We had to bury him next day."

"What makes you think he floated 16 miles from Sioux City?"

"It's happened before," Goodsell replied. "The channel has been straightened. There are very few bars or snags. We spent two weeks searching the bank on this side and couldn't find a thing."

"Did anyone beside his mother and sisters try to identify him?" Edwards asked.

"Not until three days ago, October 16," Goodsell said. "A red-headed woman came to Barber's Mortuary and said she was Mrs. Don Hoover and her husband was missing. Don's brother, Bud, was with her. She looked over the clothes and said she wasn't sure about them. After Barber described the dead man, she said it couldn't be her husband and Bud agreed with her."



**DETECTIVES** Edwards (left) and White examine the metal can in which Hoover's body was carried away.



**"BUD" HOOVER**, the slain man's brother, said he could not understand the ex-racketeer's disappearance.

Goodsell referred to his notebook and added that next day, October 17, Mrs. and Mrs. John Gulich of Sioux City came to his office in Dakota City. Mrs. Gulich, who was Hoover's sister, explained that she had heard the sheriff's broadcast and it fitted her brother. Gulich said he and Hoover wore the same size shoes and belt and only recently bought identical size and style Florsheims.

He kicked off his own shoes and tried on the water-soaked pair taken from the dead man. They fitted perfectly, as did the belt. He was certain the dead man was Hoover; but promised to bring Mrs. Bessie Hoover, the mother, from Mapleton, Ia., to identify the clothing.

"You told him Hoover had been murdered?" Edwards asked.

Goodsell shook his head. "No. If it was Hoover I knew it would be tough enough to get a lead without giving everyone a chance to cover up. Mrs. Hoover got here last night, looked at the clothes,

ding out the liquor permit book and said the dead man must be her son. We found the body on the 24th and buried it on the 25th. He was in the water at least ten days."

The conference was interrupted by the autopsy surgeons. The dental chart, they said, matched the dead man's teeth. Lieutenant Wier had obtained a partial print from a shred of skin on the right index finger, and the old break in the left leg had been located.

Dr. Starry spilled a few lead pellets into the county attorney's hand. "I'd say they were No. 4 shot," he said, "fired from a 12-gauge gun held within three or four feet of the body. Here's something else—apparently more than one person was involved. Someone attacked him with a knife from the front while another person got behind him with the gun. We found a knife wound on the left side of the neck. Any one of the shotgun wounds would have been fatal, but I believe the one in the neck was received first, the two in the lower part of the back after he was down."

It was shortly after noon when Edwards and White returned to Sioux City. They had the clothing of the murdered man, his sodden, discolored liquor permit book and pictures of the body. At headquarters they learned that Mrs. Don Hoover had reported her husband missing and asked police to help find him.

Detective Lieutenant Harry Gibbons, a graduate of the FBI school, took over examination of the clothing and contacted South Dakota authorities to get a report on Hoover's activities after he left Sioux City. Telephone calls to half a dozen Midwest cities sent undercover men on a hunt for Hoover's former associates. Men and women who had quarreled with Hoover were picked up and questioned, but there still was no announcement of the murder. Everyone was led to believe Hoover was wanted by the police on an old charge on which he had skipped bail.

Rusty Hoover's appeal for help was significant. She had been questioned many times when her husband was involved with the law, and made no bones about the fact that she hated "cops." Apparently she had no idea her husband was dead.

Reference to the files in domestic relations court revealed the divorce action had been filed on October 6, and charged cruelty. Don Hoover had been buried more than two weeks when she asked for her freedom. There was a slim chance that she might reveal some fact about his past which would speed the search for the killers.

It was vital that the approximate time of the murder be established and Edwards and White started with the liquor permit book. Iowa law requires every person to hold a permit to purchase whiskey and a specified amount is allocated monthly to each individual. Don Hoover's book revealed he had purchased a fifth of whiskey on the afternoon of September 11.

South Dakota authorities reported that Hoover left Yankton on September 10, telling friends he had business in Sioux City but that he would return in a couple of days. He had more than \$500 in cur-

rency in his wallet when he left Yankton.

That robbery was not the motive was seemingly established when Hoover's bank produced records showing he had deposited \$450 on September 11, discussed some other financial matters and seemed well satisfied with his trucking business venture.

"We know Hoover was in Sioux City on the eleventh," Edwards told Chief Farley. "Sheriff Goodsell is sure the body was in the water at least ten days, so that would fix the time of murder between the eleventh and fourteenth. It's going to take a little time to sift out everyone who had a chance to kill him during those 72 hours. Don't break the story yet."

Late in the afternoon Violet Hoover was ushered into Lieutenant Gibbons' office. She nodded to Edwards, White and Gibbons. "I never thought I'd ask you cops to find Don," she snapped irritably. "What's the idea asking me to come here? You've got all the information you need in your files."

"Not all of it," White retorted. "When did you see him last? What's back of this divorce business?"

"We've quarreled for a long time and decided to quit," she replied. "He was here in September. I never saw him after he left for South Dakota."

"What made you think he might be the dead man at Homer?" Edwards asked.

She was startled. "You know about that?" she queried. "Bud and I heard the description and we'd been looking for Don for almost a month. I had a fool idea it might be him but I was wrong."

She told of frequent quarrels with Hoover's family but admitted she was on friendly terms with Bud Hoover, the dead man's brother, who had been at the Traveler's Hotel since April.

"Did you ever figure Don might have been bumped off?" White asked.

She leaned back in the chair and laughed. "Are you kidding? Who would do it? Why?"

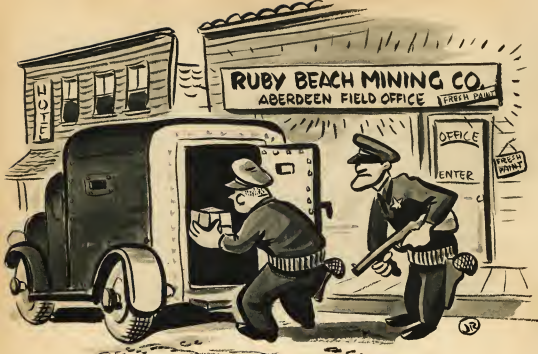
"It could happen," Gibbons observed.

"We know Don well enough to figure he had to have a good reason for hiding out this long. Maybe somebody had a reason for killing him. Think it over. We'll see what we can dig up and get in touch with you later."

**FRIDAY NIGHT** Detectives Edwards and White practically haunted the taverns and bars along Sioux City's Rialto which Hoover had frequented. It was like looking for a needle in the haystack to get a line on Hoover's recent activities. No one had seen or heard of him in weeks. There was a rumor—about that he was in a jam, but Edwards and White could find no one who admitted any knowledge of a gang execution, or who even suspected that Hoover was dead.

Finally Edwards encountered a former bootlegger pal of Hoover's, who scoffed at the idea that Hoover was dead. "I saw him on September 12," he said. "He went with me while I delivered some stuff to a drop near Fort Dodge. Don drank quite a bit on the way and I knew he had something on his mind. When we were near Fort Dodge he got out of the car and hitch-hiked into town because I couldn't go in and take a chance on a pickup. He (Continued on page 50)





GUARDS corralled mysterious parcels . . .

# Let's all get rich!

By Joseph F. Fishman

WITH THE CARE of a surgeon paring a dowager's appendix, Ross Barton trimmed a traitant thread back to the cuff. An inspection of his lustreless footgear produced a realization that the heels were sloping at a disreputable rate and a little slunder of despair shook his insides.

"Public suspicion of great enterprises," he sighed, "is disheartening." He fanned a sheaf of gilt-edged certificates over the desk. "I am referring to the Eptobar Gold Mining & Refining Corporation. R. E., I can't talk a nickel out of the suckers for any more of this stuff. And it's all the merchandise we've got."

R. E. Epton swept the stock certificates into a wastebasket. "Trash," he said. "No good from the first. Our approach was wrong."

"Granted," Baron admitted. "But it was the only thing at hand. What now? You gotta have something . . ."

"We've got plenty," his partner assured him. Epton's eyes strayed over the wall map of the United States. "We've got suckers. Millions of 'em."

"But no bait. Nothing to sell," Barton protested.

"Bah!" Epton snorted. "You could peddle the sand right off the beaches, if only you went about it right."

"Oh, be sensible," Barton pleaded. "How about some new oil leases?"

Epton's fingers were caressing the big diamond ring on his right hand. A confident grin overspread his features. "Yessir," he mused. "The sand right off the beaches . . ."

The residents of Aberdeen, Wash., had never regarded Ruby Beach as anything except a stretch of tidewest barrier keeping the Pacific Ocean in its place. They were more than casually intrigued, therefore, when laborers attacked it with shovels and tons of ordinary sand were carried off to some mysterious destination with uniformed rifle-toting guards atop each load.

Their curiosity was not immediately satisfied by the bold lettering on the window of an office recently opened by a firm which had arrived in town unheralded by any publicity. The sign identified the place as the Aberdeen office of the RUBY BEACH MINING COMPANY, and listed one Ross Barton as the field manager in charge.

Quite obviously there was some connection between this

company and the mysterious scooping up of sand from Ruby Beach. But for the time the only answer to this mystery was still another. An armored car rolled up a siding and stopped near the mining firm's office. Armed guards, uniformed like those who rode the sand loads, transferred a number of bulky packages from the armored car to Barton's desk. Aberdeen gaped, literally itched with wonder.

Not, however, for long. Miss Lucy Brooks took care of that. Barton, acting under the masterful tutelage of Epton, had hired Miss Brooks as his confidential secretary only after making certain of her natural bent for the position. Miss Brooks, he had ascertained, would have been the leading contender for the title of Miss Waggle-tongue of Western Washington in any of a long span of years.

In hiring Lucy, Barton doubled the wage she'd been receiving from another employer, and asked her to keep her good fortune under her hat. From the speed with which her affluence became known around town, the Ruby Beach Mining Company's field manager deduced that the whole population of Aberdeen lived under the Brooks chapeau.

Satisfied with her talent for gossip, Barton dictated a letter to his secretary, cautioning her that its content was strictly confidential, top secret, ultra hush-hush. Then he sat back and treated himself to feeling like a cat picking its teeth with a canary quill.

Miss Brooks unheeded her tongue, and Aberdeen listened. The governor and members of the legislature, she had gleaned from Barton's letter to the secretary of the Seattle Chamber of Commerce, were trying to buy into the Ruby Beach venture.

"But Mr. Epton, the president," Lucy explained, "wants to give us Aberdeen folks the first chance because he and Mr. Barton intend to live here permanently. They told the man in Seattle it would be more than 25 years before all the gold, platinum and iridium could be dug from our sand . . ."

Weep no more, my lady. Don't croud. Don't push. The time forms to the right. Widows and orphans first . . .

To the group of citizens who came clamoring for a chance to invest in the Ruby Beach project, Barton was not at all en-

couraging. They were of the wealthier froth. "Mr. Epton," the field manager demurred piously, "wants to give people without much money a chance. He insists that the profits shall not be hogged by those already rich."

Then he dictated another letter, like the first "private and confidential," but this time to a member of the President's cabinet. He pointed out that the fabulous fortune resting along Ruby Beach had first been noted by David T. Day, a scientist of the United States Geological Survey.

THESE LETTERS, of course, were never mailed, but their contents were widely distributed, thanks to the ever-ready Miss Brooks. Very soon the Geological Survey was getting requests by the dozen for Dr. Day's report. Amazingly enough it bore out Barton's inferences that Ruby Beach was a source of much gold, platinum and iridium. But the figures, as released by the survey in a little statistical outline, failed to include Dr. Day's estimate that it would cost \$10 to extract a single dollar's worth of precious metal from the sand.

The ignorance of the thirty Aberdeners with regard to this venture in alchemy was not only blisful but amazing. You'd expect that at least one among them would know or discover that Dr. David T. Day had been dead some 20 long years, but his appearance in the little Pacific Coast city raised not a whimper of protest.

Not that the Aberdeners believed in any miraculous resurrection of the deceased physicist. By this time they wanted so urgently to believe in their great good fortune that they accepted this further evidence of it without even ordinary investigation. Such is the human penchant for wishful thinking upon which most confidence schemes are founded.

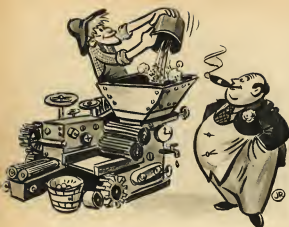
The phony scientist played his part well. He roamed about town with profound absent-mindedness, bumped into folks and apologized to lamposts against which he stumbled, was nearly run down by trucks and autos, and walked off from a cigar counter leaving the change of a \$20 bill behind . . .

Aberdeen watched. And between what it saw and what Lucy Brooks told it, its faith in the project grew.



LUCY took dictation from the boss . . .





PROPS included a secret "separator" . . .

Smack into the picture stepped R. E. Epton, with the appropriate fanfare of a welcoming delegation of citizens, of course, and then things began to hum.

It was quickly learned about that subscriptions for stock in the Ruby Beach Eldorado would be accepted at the mine company's office, but shares would be sold only to investors of whom Mr. Epton personally approved.

*Don't those, Don't those. There's opportunity for all. But wait—* are you worthy of your luck? Sinner, search thy soul . . .

The first customer was a red-faced farmer who slunked over \$1,500 in worn bills and proudly announced he'd like to sink the works in Epton's golden sands.

The president of Ruby Beach Mining looked him over carefully. Behind him, waiting their turns impatiently, were others in a long queue.

"Do you drink?" Epton queried incisively.

"Wal—a leetle," came the hesitant reply.

"To excess, ever?"

"Wal—maybe once or twice . . ."

"Then get out of here!" Epton thundered. "There will be no drunks in my company."

Crestfallen, the farmer turned away. Epton noted that down the line a couple of other prospective customers also melted into the throng outside. He himself hoped that the rest of the folks he faced would assume that he was from a cold, and not tokens of the three weeks' binge he had ended in Seattle only the day before.

The eager grist began grinding through Epton's mill. No one, of course, after the first fellow had been slammed away, would admit to any jousting with the bottle, but a couple of others flunked their fleecing by admitting they owed money.

"You can't buy into my enterprise!" Epton bellowed righteously. "Pay up your just debts, and then come back to see me."

This was good theater. By playing a little hard to get the master swindler intensified the buying urge of those whose dough was slow in coming. At the end of the day some \$70,000 belonging to Aberdeen's citizens lay in his safe.

The next day \$35,000 came in, and then the stream of dollars seemed to dry up.

"Pump needs priming," Epton told Barton. "It can be done best if I am out of town. Let's us say in Washington, D. C., talking with the cabinet, with Congress . . ."

Barton nodded, watching his partner count off enough big greenbacks to launch another bender in Seattle. He turned again to his unwitting press agent, Miss Brooks.

Through her it leaked out that the Ruby Beach Company held

the patent on a marvelous "separator." This complicated machine, Lucy babbled, cost \$240,000, and was located at a secret place in Oregon to which the beach sand was being carted.

"Mr. Barton and Mr. Epton are having a miniature model made and are going to set it up in the office," she revealed.

About a week later a fantastic contrivance of wheels, cogs, rollers and other gadgets appeared in the window. Barton explained its workings to a potential investor.

"I'll issue a pass to the property," he said. "You go down there, get a bucket of sand from anyplace you wish, bring it back, and I'll give you a demonstration."

The sucker hadn't played with a pail of sand since his mother took him to the seashore when he was a toddler, but he dutifully followed instructions. Then Barton emptied the sand into the mouth of the "Wonder Separator." There was a buzzing noise as he pressed the button followed by the whirling of wheels. When the machinery came to a stop Barton lifted a slide, and into a cup beneath a small ramp ran a little flood of silver-colored grains.

"Take it to a jeweler and have it assayed," Barton said.

"Pure platinum," was the jeweler's verdict.

THE NEWS got around.

Barton waited until the office was closed, then took the bucket of sand out of the machine and threw it away. Of course it had not gone through the contraption. The platinum had been salted in an entirely separate compartment.

Now even the more conservative Aberdeens demanded that the Ruby Beach company take their money. Barton was in no hurry. He had arranged for still other bait. That was where the carefully rehearsed Dr. Day came in.

Various citizens had noticed with considerable amusement that the scientist was always pulling papers out of his pocket, trying to read while he was walking. One man saw Dr. Day drop two of these missives. He picked them up and was astonished as his eyes caught the embossed lettering at the top of one page.

J. P. MORGAN ENTERPRISES

WALL STREET, NEW YORK

In one letter was an offer to buy the Ruby Beach property for \$9,750,000, and the patent rights to the Wonder Separator for \$4,000,000!

But the goggle-eyed citizen who had "found" the letter had still another thrill coming. It lay in the answer to the Morgan offer which was attached to the letter.

In it Barton stated that he would not even deign to take up with President Epton such a trivial offer, as he could reveal



A PHONY scientist who walked around in dreams . . .



AND OFFERS TO buy up suckers' shares . . .

without consulting his boss that they would sell neither the property nor the separator for ten times that amount. He had even more to say.

I might add, in conclusion, that it is Mr. Epton's desire to give his future neighbors in Aberdeen the first opportunity to invest and thus benefit by sharing in the fabulous wealth in-mixed with the sand.

The finder returned the letter to the Ruby Beach office, handing it over with an innocent expression as though he would not dream of reading a communication belonging to anyone else. Barton acted his part equally well. He glanced at the young man sharply and, before thinking him, called to Dr. Day from an inner room.

"Doctor," he said severely, "I wish you'd try to be a little more careful with your correspondence. Here's something you dropped out of your pocket. Please don't read while walking along the street."

Now even the diehards were convinced. They filtered in to plunk down a few hundred or a few thousand dollars for shares in the Ruby Beach mine.

The excitement in Aberdeen mounted almost to delirium. Ruby Beach was nearly the sole subject of conversation. Every day groups of people hung on the ropes stretched about the property and watched as truckload after truckload of sand was carried away. Several attempts were made to follow the carts, but the armed guards discouraged them.

Then several expensively dressed strangers drifted into the town. They kept away from each other, but all obviously were looking over the community.

One of them wandered into a cigar store to buy a few smokes. He engaged the proprietor in conversation, asking about the community and its citizens. The proprietor was more than willing to talk. His curiosity had been aroused by the stranger's alluring appearance.

"Are you one of the investors in Ruby Beach?" the stranger queried casually.

"Yes, indeed," the shopkeeper said proudly.

"Do you mind telling me what you paid for it?"

"Not at all. It cost me \$1 a share. I bought 1,000 shares."

The stranger puffed idly at his cigar for a few moments, then asked, "Like to sell your stock?"

"Sell it?" the startled proprietor parroted.

"Yes, I'll give you \$2 a share for it."

Before the bewildered merchant fully grasped the significance of the offer, the stranger peeled off 20 \$100 bills and threw them over the counter. By "mistake" a business card came out with the money. The owner hastily snatched it back. But not until the proprietor's eye had caught the world-shaking name which was on it.

J. P. MORGAN ENTERPRISES

The merchant congratulated himself that the card had fallen face upward. His exultation would have been considerably less

intense had he been aware that the card was printed on both sides and could not help falling right side up.

The stranger waited for an answer. But the proprietor wasn't to be fooled by any such trick. Time and time again he had read about smooth sharks who went around buying stock "sleepers" for a song.

"Wouldn't sell at any price," he said tersely. The other offered \$3 a share, then \$4, then \$5. All he got was refusal. He departed with an air of disappointment. To make sure news of his visit would be widely disseminated, he exacted from the merchant a promise to tell no one about his offer.

In the meantime his well-dressed companions were busy with other investors. Only one person sold his stock, a man who turned over 500 shares for \$1,000, or double the price he had paid for them.

His greed, however, was not to go un punished. Epton, on a call from Barton, hurried to Aberdeen and sent out word that he wanted every single stockholder to come to his office at noon. When they arrived they only needed one glance to see that Epton was in a decidedly angry mood.

"Gentlemen," he asked, "have all of you read the wording of your certificates?"

"They all acknowledged that they had."

"Then," Epton said grimly, "one of you has violated the clause which states that the Ruby Beach Company has the right to buy all stock back within 30 days for double the price you paid for it. Well, 30 days have not elapsed, and one among you has disposed of 500 shares. And to the Morgan interests, of all people," he added bitterly, "the very people who have been trying to purchase the stock and the separator outright. Now, gentlemen, I want to know who that man is?"

The guilty one, red and shamefaced, stumped reluctantly forward to face the scorn of the indignant president and his fellow-subscribers.

"So it's you!" Epton said. "What is your name?"

The man gave it. "All right, I have stricken it off the list and you will not be permitted to buy any more stock," the president went on. "I do not wish to threaten you, gentlemen," he added, turning to the others, "but I assure you that if any of you sells his stock to this man either before or after the expiration of the 30 days provided in the certificate, he, too, will be stricken from the list. That's all, gentlemen, and thank you for coming."

He stalked out of the room and took the first train for Seattle to complete the battle of the bottle which he had been winning hands down before he was called to Aberdeen.

IT IS DOUBTFUL if any of the thousands of colossal swindling schemes with which this country has been afflicted have been carried out more smoothly than the Aberdeen score. Despite the fact that exposure was a daily possibility, Epton, Day and Barton hung around to clean the very last sucker. Money poured into the office until the total reached more than \$350,000. Still they lingered on, taking a farmer or (Continued on page 54)



BOOZERS were spurned by the "pious" swindlers . . .



If you have money...

# I Love you



By Harrison T. Carter



**A** BLUE STEEL revolver in front of him, a burly man sat at a scuffed desk. He gnawed on a frayed cigar and laboriously wrote.

After considerable grunting and frowning, he finally completed his task and flung aside his pencil. He turned to two companions, who were lounging on a bench behind him, and announced triumphantly, "I got it! I ought to be in Hollywood, writing love scenes for the movies."

Lifting a smudged sheet of paper, he read aloud the results of his efforts.

Bachelor, 60, well-preserved, owns some real estate and have a nice bank account. I am looking for a little woman to fill a great big void in my heart.

"A daisy isn't it?" he queried, beaming with pride of authorship.

One of his listeners, frowning, asked,

"But how can a little woman fill a great big void?"

The writer glared. "There's such a thing as poetic license," he growled. "And it isn't issued like a dog license by Mike Flynn, the city clerk. It's..."

He was cut off by a rather-shaking voice thundering down the hall.

"Griffith! Oh, Johnny Griffith!"

The author, leaping to his feet, shouted back, "Coming, chief! Coming!" And Lieutenant John Griffith, ace of the Chicago Police Department confidence game detail, hurried off along the corridor to the office of his superior, Chief of Detectives Walter G. Storms.

"Any developments in the hunt for 'Marrying Margot?'" demanded Storms, making a check mark after an entry on his long assignment sheet.

"Every trail we've followed so far has led us up a blind alley and right smack against a brick wall," answered Griffith. "But I'm trying a new dodge—a ding-donger, if I do say it myself."

Griffith's job was to track down a clever woman swindler known to have mugged ten love-hungry oldsters out of a total of \$30,500 during two years of operations in Chicago.

Police and United States postal inspectors believed her list of victims and her loot much bigger, however; experience had taught them that "such suckers rarely beef" and that for each one who complained several at least were too advanced to have their gullibility made a part of the public record.

Her method was to insert matrimonial ads in the agony columns of foreign-language newspapers—glowing ads describing feminine charms and attributes that a bachelor or widower would find irresistible.

Lured into her expable hands, usually after an exchange of letters, the victims would awaken from their romantic daze only after they had been fleeced.



**NO GERMAN** bachelor but a hearty Irish cop. Lieutenant John Griffith knew he'd need a stand-in to beguile Marrying Margot into his bedded trap.

"She evidently has decided it's too risky to put any more ads in the papers," Lieutenant Griffith explained to Chief Storms. "We've checked hundreds of such ads in the last month only to find that all of them were placed by legitimate women—that is, dames who really want to get hitched and settle down."

"But I've figured out a dandy trick, a turn-about play. I'm inserting an ad in Marrying Margot's favorite German newspaper—the one that used to carry her ads—and I'm hoping she'll nibble."

Reaching into his pocket, Griffith drew out his written plea for a "litle woman" and handed it to Chief Storms.

The police executive thoughtfully perused the advertisement.

"It reads well," he said, "but she's a slick bunco artist—not the type that would walk blindly into a trap. Remember that she investigates prospective chumps carefully. All her previous victims told us she evidently had dug into their life histories before she even approached them."

"She'll probably do that again. And, instead of a fat old Heine, she'll discover a hale and hearty Irishman named John Patrick Griffith. At least she'll manage to learn without exposing herself that there's no 60-year-old bachelor in the picture."

**BUT THERE IS,** smiled Griffith tap-pily. "A friend of mine, a patrol wagon driver at the thirty-seventh district, has an old German uncle who'll cooperate. Uncle Fritz thinks it will be great fun to play detective."

"Not a bad setup then," conceded Storms.

"All I have to do now," said Griffith, starting toward the door, "is to get somebody to translate this ad into squeared lingo."

The advertisement duly appeared in a German-language newspaper with a large Midwest circulation and Lieutenant Gri-

**ALTHOUGH** working unobtrusively for the Chicago police, Uncle Fritz told her blonde Emme Kean and his tales of delicious wines (what?—Tried by professional models)

PLAYING "CHERCHEZ LA WIENER SCHNITZEL," DETECTIVES SNARED MARRYING MARGOT

led leaned back to await developments.

The woman who had led him on a weary, two-year chase possessed six known aliases. One of them, Margot Wagner, was used to designate her on wanted circulars and in police files. Detectives referred to her as *Marrying Margot*.

Her first victim, George Schmidt, 35 years old, was a bachelor. A friend had jokingly remarked, "Here's your chance to get yourself a mama," and had handed him an ad calling the attention of lonely men of good intentions to "a buxom, attractive brunette of some means." The ad went on to describe the "buxom brunette" as "unsophisticated, domesticated and anxious to marry and settle down on a farm."

Schmidt, a watchmaker who wanted to become a farmer, answered the ad and met her. He invited her to his home. To prove that his intentions were honorable he disclosed to her that he had secreted \$1,500 beneath his mattress.

Then he served beer, for which she had confessed a fondness. As he poured her drink she remarked that she would enjoy it more if she had some pretzels to munch. An obliging host, Schmidt sallied forth to purchase some at a nearby delicatessen.

When he returned he found that she had departed, taking his \$1,500. And, adding insult to injury, she had finished both of his beer bottles and left behind a half a bottle of beer.

Pfeiffer was next. A 38-year-old carpenter, he withdrew his \$9,500 savings from the bank for the purchase of a farm when she promised to settle down with him on one.

On the night he showed her the cash she displayed great affection, embracing him frequently. While clasping him in one of her heartlike hugs she evidently managed to extract the money from his wallet.

Anyhow when Pfeiffer took his purse from his hip pocket shortly after she had accompanied him to the door, he discovered that a wad of newspaper had been substituted for the greenbacks.

And then it was the turn of 60-year-old Emil, a butcher. He was canny and wanted to get the color of her hair before he would produce his. *Marrying Margot* exhibited a thick roll of bills, evidently the proceeds of earlier jobs, and persuaded Pfeiffer to place his cash in a safe with hers in a joint safe deposit box.

Carrying a bouquet, Heil called for her the following day.

"Your lady friend has moved," the rooming house keeper told him. "No forwarding address."

Thoughts of romance fled from Heil's mind and he was assailed by a terrible dread. He rushed to the safe deposit company. But she had been there ahead of him and had cleaned out the box.

Hans Kopf, 49-year-old brewery cooper, trailed into the picture next, coming all the way from New York City after an exchange of warm letters.

She whispered to Kopf that he was just the man for her, "so big and so strong." Then she lifted her skirt saying, "Look, I have a few more eyes popping for her. She's shapely and, in addition, six \$1,000 bills peeked from beneath her garter.

"Big money isn't safe there, Margot,"



"TEN MEN—John P. Barnes (above) Detective Chief Woll (below) fought top his up dresser sleuths on the trail of the female romance racketeer.

ACCORDING TO police figures, Lili Michler took victims for more than \$10,000 before being caught. Implicated, she broke out but was later recaptured.



Kopf advised her. "You should put it in the bank."

"Let's place our cash together in one account," cooed the lady pirate, who was now using the alias, Margot Wagner. "We really should begin doing things together."

That was all right with Hans. The unsuspecting cooper deposited his \$3,000 along with her \$6,000 in a joint savings account under the names, Hans and Margot Kopf, though wedding bells had not yet pealed for them.

Wagner the next day, told Kopf that she had learned of a fine farm for sale at a bargain price near Milwaukee. He set out to view it. But no such farm as she had described existed and, somewhat puzzled, he returned to Chicago.

In the meantime she had disappeared. Yes, of course, *Marrying Margot* had withdrawn the \$9,000 from the bank.

Other victims trooped after Schmidt, Pfeiffer, Heil and Kopf. She went through wedding ceremonies with three of them when they proved reluctant to entrust their cash to her without wedlock. But she didn't remain with them any longer than she had with the others once her greedy fingers fastened on their bankrolls.

The advertisement, *Marrying Margot*, inserted in the German-language newspaper brought an avalanche of letters from husband-hunting women—letters addressed to Uncle Fritz in care of a post-office box, the number of which was given in the ad.

"Any one of these letters might be from *Marrying Margot*," Lieutenant Griffith warned the old bachelor. "Answer each of them and make appointments with the writers. You have a detailed description of *Marrying Margot*." If she appears, get word to me quickly.

Each day for a week Lieutenant Griffith telephoned Uncle Fritz.

"I'm having a great time and want to

thank you," Uncle Fritz gleefully told Lieutenant Griffith on one occasion. "I've met so many nice ladies. They invite me to their homes for dinner. You should have tasted the swell meal a widow cooked for me last night."

THREE DAYS LATER, when the lieutenant telephoned Uncle Fritz, the old man reported that he was just going out to keep an engagement with one of the women who had answered the sleuth's ad.

"And don't tell my nephew, but we plan to get married," Uncle Fritz revealed. "I have waited 40 years, but it was worth it; Emma Hess is a fine woman."

"Has she asked to see your money?" queried Griffith.

Uncle Fritz hummed and hawed, then confessed, "Yes. In fact, I have \$2,700 in my pocket right now to pay off the mortgage on her house. But don't worry, lieutenant, Uncle Fritz wasn't born yesterday. I'll get the mortgage in my name."

"Are you positive she's not *Marrying Margot*?"

"Emma is a blonde; *Marrying Margot*, you said, was a brunette."

"A small purchase at any drugstore would enable any brunette to become a blonde overnight," the lieutenant pointed out. "You wait there. I want to make sure she's not a phony."

"Emma is no phony," maintained Uncle Fritz staunchly.

"Let me be the judge of that. If she's legit, no harm will be done. If she's wrong, you save 2700 iron men. So wait a little while."

Spending to the old German's home, Lieutenant Griffith viewed a letter the woman had written in response to the advertisement. He compared it with a letter *Marrying Margot* had sent to an earlier victim. The handwriting was the same. Uncle Fritz was shocked.

"Never again," he vowed, "will I think of getting married! It is much too dangerous!"

"Now," said Griffith grimly, "we'll grab *Margot*."

When they reached the corner where Uncle Fritz had arranged to join her, *Marrying Margot* was not in sight. They waited an hour but she didn't appear. Lieutenant Griffith's disappointment was keen. Never before in the two-year hunt had he come so close to catching the love cheat.

Checking with Uncle Fritz's neighbors, Griffith learned that a blonde woman—*Marrying Margot*—had been seated in an automobile a block from the old man's cottage that morning when the detective came to call upon him.

"She was watching your home, checking up to ascertain whether this was a trap," decided Griffith. She must have sensed danger from something you said. When she saw me leave with you she knew . . ."

Questioning Uncle Fritz closely, Lieutenant Griffith found that *Marrying Margot* had laid plans for romantic junkets. She had learned that the old bachelor was fond of robust food cooked in the Teutonic manner, especially wiener schnitzel.

"Wiener schnitzel I could eat for breakfast, lunch and dinner," Uncle Fritz related. "She said it was the same with her. And that must have been true, for she talked of nothing but food by the hour, though she's not a fat woman."

"She told me that there was a German restaurant on Belmont Avenue, where they served the best wiener schnitzel in Chicago. My mouth watered when she told me how they seasoned and garnished the veal cutlets. She often ate there. I gathered and she was going to take me there."

"What's the name of the restaurant?"

demanded Griffith eagerly. "Where is it?"

"I don't remember the exact location," answered Uncle Fritz, "but she mentioned that the Ashland Avenue trolley would take us within a short walk of it."

Discussing the ease with Chief Storms, Lieutenant Griffith expressed the belief that perhaps he could pick up *Marrying Margot*'s trail in the wiener schnitzel heaven—if he could find it.

"I've heard of *cherchez la femme* in mystery," observed Storms, "but this is the first time I've ever run across a crime case where it is *cherchez la wiener schnitzel*!"

"I'll assign two men to hunt for this culinary citadel," decided Griffith.

"Be sure they're charm-proof," advised Storms dryly. "I don't want any of your men to fall for this woman like Uncle Fritz did; it would be hard to explain if she got away with some officer's star and gun."

There were a number of places that specialized in Teutonic cooking in the Belmont and Ashland Avenues sector—but only one that was synonymous with superlative wiener schnitzel, Detectives Walter Payne and Alvin Kunkel learned when they questioned German residents of that area.

To this eating place Lieutenant Griffith eagerly made his way. He described *Marrying Margot* to the waiters and they recognized her as a patron.

"She has dinner here several times a week," said one of the restaurant workers.

DURING THE following three days Lieutenant Griffith discovered for himself that the establishment's wiener schnitzel, as well as the dumplings, sauerbraten and other dishes, was delicious.

"I'm going to spend my evenings here," he vowed, "until *Marrying Margot* shows up."

On the fourth night when Lieutenant Griffith entered the restaurant, a waiter stopped him at the door.

"She's here now," he announced in a whisper, "Emma Hess is here."

Seated at a corner table was a brunette. Passing close to her, Griffith noted that her hair was somewhat streaked, as if she had been dyed. Her hair had been washed out of it recently. Her description tallied to perfection with that of the elusive *Marrying Margot*.

After making a telephone call for reconnaissance, Griffith stood at the bar and waited for her to finish her meal. Then he followed her outside. Stepping up to her, he grasped her by the arm.

"The jig's up, *Margot*. You're under arrest."

She wrenched away and turned to flee. But Detectives Kunkel and Payne and Postal Inspector M. L. Goldsmith stepped out in shadowy doorways and surrounded her.

Protesting that the officers were making a mistake, she produced papers which identified her as Lili Michler, 40, of an address nearby in the 3400 Block Clifton Avenue.

Griffith summoned a patrol wagon and took her to police headquarters. There Uncle Fritz, who had been waiting for her who had broken down temporarily his 40-year antipathy for the fair sex.

"I only invited him over for wiener schnitzel," protested the prisoner. "Is that a crime?"

However, other victims now were on hand. They identified her as the woman swindler. Investigation revealed that she already had a husband, Paul Michler, 50, who said he knew nothing whatever of her crime.

Arraigned before United States District Judge John P. Barnes on December 18, 1944, she pleaded guilty to a charge of using the mails to defraud.

Asked whether she had anything to say before sentence was passed, she mumbled, "I'm too ashamed to talk."

Her attorney, Henry Bullock, stepped forward. He announced that he had a plea for leniency which she had dictated to his stenographer. Judge Barnes granted him permission to read it.

In her written plea, Mrs. Michler claimed that she and her husband had fled from Germany five years before, leaving behind them their 13-year-old daughter, Adelheid.

Because her parents were anti-Nazi, the girl had been placed in a concentration camp, she went on.

"It's a lie," Griffith insisted, "that the many thousands of dollars I obtained were spent in unsuccessful efforts to bring about the release of my child."

Assistant United States District Attorney George G. Kelly ridiculed her story. He declared that she had lived in luxury on the cash taken from her ten kind victims.

Judge Barnes, after studying the evidence, said, "Ten men—ten years."

Not one cent of *Marrying Margot*'s ill-gotten gains was ever recovered by the men she had fleeced. Judge Griffith managed to determine whether the woman really had a daughter in a concentration camp.

In February 20, 1946, 14 months after sentence was imposed, Mrs. Michler escaped from the Federal Reformatory for Women at Alderson, W. Va., by cutting a hole in the fence.

For the first time, Police Sergeant Earl Martin of Beckley, W. Va., visited a hotel and examined the register. On it was a name she had once used as an alias. He arrested her in her room as she was preparing to dye her hair in an attempt to disguise herself.

"How did you get a line on me?" she wanted to know as she was being returned to the reformatory.

"By the monicker on the register—'Emma Hess. You pulled a boner. That was one of your old aliases.'"

"*Marrying Margot* frowned. "I don't remember ever calling myself that . . ."

"It was down in black and white on your record card, sister."

"Oh, yes, I recall now," muttered Margot. "It was the wiener schnitzel time I used that name."

Thus for a second time *Marrying Margot* lost her liberty through her gastronomic adventures. Lili Michler, 40, the Chicago's sleuth's ultimate victim.

EDITOR'S NOTE: To spare embarrassment to innocent victims of Lili Michler, the writer wrote her the wrong name, Kurt Heil and Hans Kopf are not real but fictitious.

# tuned in on murder



By Ted Neale

"I GOT A SYSTEM when I'm rubbing a house. I always play the radio to neighbors will think the family's at home." (Posed by professional model)

A PELLET (arrow) in a heelprint led investigators to hobo jungle hideouts where another clue was found to Carl Nissen's murderer.



A NOT-TO-BE-FORGOTTEN lead to the killer (far left) was his mustache. "It looks like Charlie Chaplin's," detectives were told.

DEPUTY SHERIFF Grover C. Mull took a desperate chance in a gunfight with the slayer, but it wasn't. "You got quite," said the prisoner.

outskirts of the latter city they found Pinedale Court and turned up the graveled street to No. 793. It was a large dwelling of modern Tudor architecture set in tastefully landscaped grounds.

"That's where the shooting occurred," Mull said. "The doctor lives next door. The Richmond house is all lighted up. Let's go in."

The storm had ceased altogether by now. As they moved up the curving walk to the front entrance the two officers heard a dance band blaring from a radio receiver.

"A hell of a time," Deputy Webb commented, "for that kind of music. Anybody coming to the door?"

As if in answer, the entrance opened and a pretty young woman faced them. "I'm Mrs. Richmond," she said. "You're from the sheriff's office, of course. Please come in."

She introduced them to her husband, Everett Richmond, and to Dr. Struble, and then walked over to a console radio and snapped it off. "I hope you'll excuse me," she pleaded. "My father who was—was injured. I—I'm terribly upset."

"Of course," Deputy Mull acceded. He and his partner heard the details of the crime from the two men after Mrs. Richmond retired to her room.

Carl Nissen, the 67-year-old pioneer father of Mrs. Richmond, apparently had come home early that evening of August 28. He lived with his daughter and son-in-law.

"My wife picked me up at the automobile agency and we drove here, arriving at about 6 o'clock," young Richmond said. "Dr. Struble met us at the door."

The physician took up the thread of the tale from there, telling how Nissen had somehow managed to drag himself to the porch next door.

"There was a single bullet wound in the abdomen, and I suspect Mr. Nissen suffered severe internal hemorrhages. He was unconscious when the hospital ambulance left. His condition is critical. If there is any change the hospital will phone here."

Dr. Struble had heard no noise like a shot. Neither he nor young Richmond would ascribe the attack to any personal foe of the father-in-law or of the Rich-

mond family. They insisted the elderly victim must have surprised an armed burglar at work.

Nissen apparently had been shot in the front hallway. The Oriental carpet there had been scuffed and a small pool of blood still lay up on the polished hardwood floor.

A search of the house served to support the son-in-law's theory of a burglar. Several pieces of silverware and a few items of personal jewelry belonging to Mrs. Richmond were missing.

While Deputy Webb went over the interior with dusting powder and a camera, seeking fingerprints, Mull made a search outside, hoping to find footprints of the gunman or, possibly, that he had discarded his weapon in the shrubbery in his flight.

A diligent hunt turned up no trace of the weapon, but after noting several broken twigs on shrubs beside the entry way, Deputy Mull also discovered a fresh heelprint in the sodden earth.

The track was from an exceptionally large shoe, but at first inspection that seemed to be the only distinctive feature about it. But, while comparing it with shoes belonging to both Everett Richmond and Carl Nissen, Mull in order to be certain it was the criminal's print, Mull observed something else.

The shoes of Nissen and his son-in-law were far too small. However, Mull had been sure they would not fit, and now he concentrated upon a tiny particle of dirt in one of the nailhole indentations in the track.

Under a magnifying glass it was revealed to be of a red clay substance entirely foreign to the dirt in the vicinity of Pinedale Court.

Police Chief Louis Silva of Hayward examined this pinpoint speck of earth under the glass.

"There's only one place around here," he said, "where that could have been picked up. Out along the railroad tracks. There are several hobo jungles there."

Details of police and deputies combed through these hideouts, but they were wholly unoccupied. Either word of the shooting had spread among the wanderers who usually met in the jungles or the storm had driven them away.

The only thing found in the immediate area where the (Continued on page 53)



**DEATH IN THE KITCHEN**—All the clues necessary to determine the cause of death and to solve the case are included in this set one of Mrs. Frances Glessner Lee's famous "crimes in a nutshell," used by the department of legal medicine at Harvard for training of law enforcement officers and medical examiners.



# Crime in a Nutshell

FRANCES LEE TURNED A HOBBY TO THE USE OF LAW ENFORCEMENT

By John Makris

**F**ROM THE SEEDS of a friendship sown in medical college days over a generation ago, New England law enforcement officers today are reaping a rich harvest in the training of skilled criminal investigators. That lifelong friendship has made it possible for homicide detectives literally to study crime in a nutshell.

Dr. George Burgess Magrath was doubtless the foremost medical examiner of his time in New England. In 27 years in that job in Suffolk County—Boston—he presided over 21,000 cases of murder and suicide. He inaugurated many new methods in the medicolegal study of violent death, and he pressed continually for further advances in scientific approaches to the medical aspects of crime.

When Dr. Magrath was a college student his closest friend was J. G. M. Glessner, later to become a prominent New Hampshire political figure. Glessner's sister Frances married a man named Lee, whose family had built a fortune in timber and real estate.

In their youth the brother, sister and embryo surgeon were inseparable companions. With the passing of the years their bonds of acquaintanceship were never severed. Mrs. Lee watched Dr. Magrath's work with increasing interest.

Dr. Magrath was a pioneer in the urging of legal training for medical examiners. Eventually the heads of Harvard University listened, and the Harvard department of legal medicine was established, with Dr. Magrath as its first resident professor.

Mrs. Lee made a generous gift to the

department of legal medicine. The amount, however, was not made known at her request. However, there is a Frances Glessner professorship of legal medicine in the school, and it now is held by Dr. Alan R. Moritz. Admittance to the classes is limited to police and other law enforcement officers and medical examiners from New England.

For some time after helping her friend to set up this unique college, Mrs. Lee watched his progress. She was still dissatisfied with what she had been able to do. There must be something more...

She had had a hobby for many years, the making of tiny scale models of structures and persons. Over 35 years ago she constructed a model of the entire Chicago symphony orchestra which still stands on exhibit in the foyer of Orchestra Hall in Boston. Her model of the famous Flonzaley quartet is on display in Switzerland.



**LOG CABIN MYSTERY**—To illustrate this crime in her interesting models, Mrs. Lee built the cabin with cutouts through which to view the body and interior. Two photographs (above) show different views. Everything, including axe and woodpile outside cabin, are in an exact scale.



**WAS IT SUICIDE OR MURDER?** The victim, police knew, had often threatened to end his life. He was found dangling from a barn rafter. In this model by Mrs. Lee student homicide investigators are asked to tell whether it is what it seems or if a cunning killer was at work.

At first glance pursuit of such a hobby might seem far removed from the techniques of criminal investigation, but a conversation with Dr. Magrath kindled a spark in her eager imagination.

"Our difficulty," he said, "is that we must work on theory instead of upon clinical cases. The police cannot let our students traipse all over during an actual murder probe, and afterward the best points are lost. Even photographs are unsatisfactory, although they are of some help. If only we could reconstruct these crimes exactly as they first appeared to the police and medical examiners arriving cold on the scene . . ."

"We can," said Mrs. Lee. She asked Dr. Magrath to give her all the details of a typical crime—pictures, descriptions, every single bit of information, measurements, house furnishings, etc.

Dr. Magrath had great faith in Mrs.

Lee's accomplishments, but even he was surprised when, about three months later, she delivered the first of the Nutshell Studios' crime exhibits.

She had turned her skill at miniature modeling to reproducing the crime scene just as it had been when first discovered. The death room was built to scale. The wallpaper was an exact replica in design and material; the figure on the floor was in precise scale, and lay just as had the woman in real life.

In the room were tiny lamps that turned on, books with printed pages, window shades that rolled up, a stove with lids that lifted, doors that opened and closed. The costume of the victim was complete even to underwear. The whole layout was in the scale of one inch to the foot.

Here was an important addition to the use of lectures and photos in the study of a murder. Students were assembled be-

fore the "crime in a nutshell" and given just the information available to police officers who made the actual investigation of this particular crime. They were asked to go on from there. Their progress and mistakes were noted, and it was possible for them to learn more by working with the models than they had ever gained from listening and looking at flat pictures.

A request went out from the college. Could Mrs. Lee make more of these "nutshell" crime scenes? She could and would, if all the necessary information was provided.

Actual homicides were reconstructed, but each with enough disguise so that enterprising students with good memories were not apt to recall the solution of a real case and, as it were, sneak the answers out of the back of the book.

Today there are ten complete sets. Mrs. Lee is working (Continued on page 52)



A MOTORIST found a dead man sprawled in a parking lot beside the Kings County American Legion home in Brooklyn.



THE VICTIM was identified as Ralph Oliver. He had taken a young lady home.

# SHADOW

By John J. Wells

## UNTIRING FEET HOUNDED A SUSPECT ALONG BROOKLYN'S BYWAYS AND WATERFRONT

A RAW WIND which heralded bitter days to come blew steadily off the Brooklyn waterfront as the motorist drove along Pierrepont Street.

Few persons were about at that early hour of Sunday, November 19, 1944. The car swung into the parking lot adjoining the American Legion building at No. 160. Then the driver's foot slammed the brake to the floor.

Spread-eagled on the ground directly in front of the wheels was the figure of a man. The motorist pulled the emergency brake and clambered out.

The man on the ground was dead. The knot of his brightly-colored necktie was pulled tight under the right ear. The cravat had bitten into the flesh and the eyes were protruding.

That was all the motorist saw before he ran into the building and shouted of his discovery.

Detectives and uniformed men led by Acting Captain Thomas Mulvey of the Eleventh Detective District, and Lieutenant Raymond Langan of the Poplar Street station quickly noted details about the corpse which the excited finder of the body had not observed. The victim was a man in his 40s and his brown suit was of expensive make. The pockets of the trousers were turned inside out and 90 cents in small coins lay scattered on the ground.

Dr. Manuel E. Marten, assistant chief medical examiner, gave a preliminary, on-the-spot report. "He hasn't been dead very long," he said. "Just a few hours. I'd say he was strangled about 3 or 4 A.M."

"Then the necktie was used to kill him?" Captain Mulvey asked.

"So far as I can tell now," the physician said. "Unusual, though, to use a necktie as a garrote. But there are no other visible wounds. I'll give you an autopsy report as soon as possible."

There was no wallet on the body, no papers of any kind. Neither was there a watch or jewelry. The surrounding ground was too hard for footprints and if there had been a struggle no sign of it was apparent.

"Looks like a new technique in smugging," Lieutenant Langan said. "I don't know why these coins were left on the ground, though, unless it was dark and the killer was in too great a hurry to look for them."

"If it was just a robbery," Mulvey said gloomily, "it'll be that much harder to solve. Plenty of tough characters in this area." He stared at the body. "Well, I've got some boys who claim they like their cases tricky. They can have it."

He called over Detectives Hugh Riley, Benjamin O'Connell and William Henry, who were checking different sections of the parking lot.

"It's all yours, fellows," he said. "I suppose you'll want to get him identified first."

The three detectives went promptly to work. They knew they were facing one of the most difficult of all kinds of murder—the robbery slaying of an unidentified man in a great city. Killings motivated by personal reasons might be intricately concerned and cunningly planned, but such cases were usually easier to solve than the impersonal killing of a passerby on a street.

Here the motive pointed only toward the motley army of footpads and strongarm men scattered through the city. It could be any one of a thousand callous, cowardly thieves. Yet that man had to be found. Otherwise, with this success, he well might kill again and again.

While Riley rode with the body to search the victim's clothing for identifying clues, O'Connell and Henry completed the routine investigation at the scene. They found that the parking lot attendant had gone off duty at 11 o'clock the night before and up to that time had noted nothing of moment. He came to the lot at their call.

"How about these four cars parked here?" O'Connell asked. "Did any of them belong to this man?"

"No," the attendant said. "I know the owners. I never saw the dead man before."

The victim also was unknown to officials in the American Legion building or to residents of the neighborhood. The officers could find no one who had seen or heard the deadly attack.

"That's just dandy," Henry said. "It's a great start. No use having an investigation all cluttered up with clues. We had better see how Riley is making out."

Riley was making some progress. The victim's clothing had yielded laundry marks and suit labels which might lead to an identification with the reopening of business establishments on Monday.

The backs of his shoes showed very clearly how he had got into the parking lot. "He wasn't walking to or from a car," Riley said. "See how the leather is scuffed? He was dragged. Probably an urn under his chin and the tie was pulled tighter when he was thrown down."

DR. MARTEN'S autopsy revealed only that the victim had had a few drinks not long before he was killed. Death was due to asphyxia. There were no marks on his hands or nails to show that he had been able to put up an effective struggle.

The victim's description failed to tally with any on the file of missing persons.

FOR 18 MONTHS the longshoreman was followed wherever he went. At no time did he escape the shadow... (Photo posed by professional models)

Landry mark experts of the New York City police were checking the cryptic legends from the victim's clothing the next day when a message came through from Manhattan headquarters. It was from the bureau of missing persons there.

"I think we have a line for you on that strangling case," the officer in charge said. "We just got a report that fits the description you sent out."

He explained that relatives had reported the disappearance since early Sunday morning of Ralph Oliver, 43, of 101 West Ninety-first Street, Manhattan. Oliver was export manager for a leading chemical concern. The MPB officer read the description given by the relatives.

"That's it," Riley said. "But if Oliver lived on West Ninety-first Street in Manhattan, what was he doing in Brooklyn at that hour? Ask somebody from his family to come over."

The relatives quickly identified the body as that of Oliver. But they, too, were at a loss to explain the victim's presence in Brooklyn, far from his home. He had said early Saturday night that he was going to visit friends in Greenwich Village in downtown Manhattan, still several miles from where his body was found.

The robbery theory was clinched when the relatives said that Oliver always carried a wallet with a fair amount of cash and that he was wearing a gold wristwatch when he left his home. It was an expensive, foreign-made Omega.

"Good," Riley said. "We can start a hunt for that watch. And we'll try to retrace Oliver's last movements."

On information supplied by the victim's family, the detectives soon found the Greenwich Village apartment where the Saturday night party had been held. The hostess was able to explain Oliver's trip to Brooklyn.

"One of the girl guests lived over there," the woman said. "She would have had to go home alone. Mr. Oliver offered to take her home in a cab."

She supplied the name and address of the guest. The girl was stunned when detectives told her that Oliver was the Pierpont Street murder victim.

"I can't understand how it happened," she said. "He was all right when I saw him last. He let me out of the cab at the curb and went on."

She could not identify the cab or the driver. They had hailed it in New York—just one of the 9,000 cabs cruising the streets of the city.

The spot where Oliver was found was several miles from the girl's home, back toward Manhattan.

"I'd like to know why he dismissed that cab," Henry said. "Of course it could have been for any of several reasons. He might have stopped somewhere for a nightclub or a bite to eat."

Thus far the investigation had served simply to clear up some puzzling but unimportant points as far as the solution of the murder was concerned. They now knew why Oliver had been in Brooklyn. But who had slain and robbed him?

"Check all the taverns and restaurants between that girl's place and the American Legion building," Captain Mulvey said. "If Oliver stopped off, he may have

been noticed. Maybe somebody saw him leave with some new acquaintance or noticed someone follow him out of a place."

For several days the detective team checked taverns and eating places. They were still on this work when the pawnshop detail came up with a new lead. A foreign-made Omega gold wristwatch had been pawned in a Brooklyn shop on the day after the murder.

O'Connell and Riley hurried over to follow up this possible clue. Oliver once had had the watch repaired and from that jeweler they had been able to obtain the number of the timepiece. It checked with the records of the pawnbroker.

"Let's see it," O'Connell said eagerly. "Who pawned it?"

The pawnbroker peered at them unhappily. "Now that's a funny thing," he said. "I always thought there was something mighty queer about that watch. One fellow brings it in but another fellow takes it out."

"You mean it's gone?"

The man explained. On the day after the murder of Oliver a tall, slender man had come into the shop and pawned the watch. Twenty-four hours later a gangly youth had redeemed it.

"The killer probably sold the ticket," Riley said promptly. "Making a little extra profit. Or else he found a place where he could get more for it and he used some unsuspecting pal to pick up the hot goods."

Even before they looked at the name left by the original pawner, the detectives knew that it was not worth bothering with.

"What d'ya know?" Riley said. "John Smith! Sometimes I wish Pocahontas hadn't interfered."

**F**OR the time being the watch lead had petered out. There was no trace of the wallet though sanitation department crews had searched the sewers near the murder scene.

The detectives returned to the laborious task of checking bars and restaurants. And from this painstaking work they at last uncovered new and important information.

Mrs. Mary Hunt, the owner of Hunt's Restaurant at 77 Fulton Avenue, in Brooklyn, remembered the morning of the murder well.

"This man Oliver wasn't in my place," she told them. "But I saw something else that may help you."

She went on to tell that between 3:15 and 3:30 o'clock on the morning of the murder she had seen a man she knew on the corner of Pierpont Street and Fulton Avenue, a short distance from the parking lot death scene. They had exchanged brief greetings, she said, and she was sure of the man's identity.

"Who is he?" O'Connell asked.

"Joe Bartulis!" O'Connell exclaimed. "We've had him in before. He's strictly a bad actor."

Records at Brooklyn police headquarters were flipped through rapidly. Joseph Bartulis was 27 years old and worked occasionally as a longshoreman. He lived at 269 Front Street, Brooklyn. On his first arrest he had been sentenced to the workhouse for six months on a charge of



**CAPTURE** of Frederick "Blackie" D'Antonio was the result of the persistent shadowing of another suspect.

disorderly conduct. In 1939 he had drawn an indeterminate sentence for unlawful entry. In 1943 Bartulis was in prison for a year on a charge of assault.

"If Bartulis was that close to the murder scene he has plenty to answer for," Captain Mulvey said. "Check up on him further."

By discreet inquiry the investigators soon learned that Joe Bartulis had displayed considerably more money than usual shortly after the slaying of Oliver. And it was not the fruits of labor, since he had worked very little. However, the powerful, barrel-chested stevedore did not fit the description of either man concerned with the pawning of the watch.

"I wouldn't worry too much about that," Mulvey said. "The mugger seldom backs the stuff he takes. He gets a friend with an ironclad alibi to handle it for him. That's probably what Bartulis did."

The ex-convict was picked up. His heavy jaw set firmly as he denied the murder.

"Listen," Captain Mulvey said. "We know you were on that corner right about the time of that murder."

"Sure I was there," Bartulis agreed. "Ain't I got a right to be on the street? But I didn't do anything."

For hours the stir-wire tough parried the questions of the investigators. They could find no vulnerable chink in his armor. And yet the more he talked the more convinced they became that it was his powerful hands which had made Oliver's gay necktie into an instrument of death.

Captain Mulvey sighed and put his hands palms down on the desk. "All right, Bartulis," he said. "I guess you're in the clear. You can go."

The longshoreman rose. "Now you're getting smart," he said with a leer.

But when the ex-convict left the room, Detective Riley, who had remained in the background, silently followed him out.

It was the beginning of a fantastic trail. Day and night, from that moment on, a shadow moved along with Joe Bartulis. Detectives Riley, O'Connell and Henry took the three shifts of eight hours each. Other detectives were at their call always





**ALTHOUGH NAMED** by an alleged confederate as the actual killer, this man refused to confess to the crime.

if Bartulis met someone also seemingly worth trailing.

It was two days later that Bartulis put in one of his infrequent days at the docks. While he trundled crates into the gaping side of a ship, O'Connell wrestled boxes halfway down the docks, keeping watch all the while.

Meanwhile a conference was going forward in police headquarters. Riley, Henry, Mulvey and Lieutenant Langan planned their strategy.

"We want to find out absolutely everything about this man," Captain Mulvey said. "What he does and where he goes for entertainment. Who his friends are. Who his girl is."

"I'm convinced in my own mind that Bartulis killed Oliver. But we've got to have the facts to pin it on him. I'm sure that if we watch his every move he'll make a slip sometime. He's probably scared off now, but he may even try another mugging if he thinks we've forgotten him."

For the first few weeks the task of the shadow was practically routine. As the New Year came and 1945 advanced, it became increasingly bizarre. It was Detective Henry who drew the assignment of attending the waterfront Valentine's Day party when love entered the life of Joe Bartulis.

Appropriately garbed for the occasion, the detective lingered in the smoke-filled shadows of the dock district hall where he could keep an eye on his quarry. Joe was dancing with a pale redhead. They seemed to get along together very well. They danced almost every number. The others they sat out.

The music grew louder and the smoke thicker. Voices became more raucous. A fight started near the bar. Joe had eyes only for the redhead. Henry had eyes only for Joe.

When Bartulis took her home the detective was just far enough down the street. When Bartulis went to his home and to bed, the detective duly recorded the event.

O'Connell relieved him. "Lucky you," Henry said. "I've inhaled more smoke than Mrs. O'Leary's cow. All you've got to do is sit here all night."

"That's all," O'Connell agreed cheerfully. "Unless Bartulis is slipping into something comfortable for a little mugging work. Be seeing you."

When Joe Bartulis played pool a detective seemingly was engrossed in the racing form near the telephone booth. On the nights when Bartulis and his girl went to the movies a detective sat a few rows behind them.

It was Riley who thought they were on to something at last the night Bartulis left his usual haunts and headed for Manhattan. The longshoreman left the subway and headed west through the midtown section, the detective slipping expertly behind him through the crowd which swirled along the sidewalks.

Then Riley saw where his man was going. "He's heading for Madison Square Garden," he muttered. "Well, at least Rocky Graziano's fighting and it's never dish night here."

Every man with whom Joe Bartulis seemed friendly was checked upon. And by the early summer of 1945, when the shadowing had been going on for seven months, a thin, nebulous lead appeared to be evolving.

"We've been at it this long, we can't afford to let it drop," Captain Mulvey said. "I've been going over every bit of information found on this man and there's an important gap among his friends."

"For a long time prior to the Oliver murder, Bartulis ran with a young fellow named 'Blackie.' That's the only name our contacts seem to know him by. Blackie disappeared shortly after the Oliver slaying. I'd like to know why."

"Do you think Blackie was in on it?" Lieut. Langan asked. "That restaurant owner only saw Bartulis."

"That's true," Mulvey agreed. "But it doesn't mean that Blackie hadn't already gone the other way. From what the boys have been able to dig out, I feel that if Bartulis had any accomplice that night it was this fellow Blackie. I'm going to have Bartulis picked up again. Maybe he'll drop something in the questioning."

Detectives who had not been used in the trailing work were dispatched to bring in the ex-convict. Bartulis remained hard, shrewd and unyielding. He knew nothing about the Oliver slaying, he repeated.

But neither did he seem to know anything about the constant shadow which had followed his every move for months. He was released.

"Keep after him," Mulvey commanded.

Now the trailing job was speeding toward a new record for the department. Summer passed into autumn—the murder was a year old—the manhunters never faltered. Day and night they watched Joe Bartulis and his girl, scrutinizing every person met by the pair in the hope of finding the long-lost Blackie.

They had a description of this man now, picked up in seemingly idle conversations with Bartulis' other friends. Blackie was quite like his name—dark and with glossy hair. He was shorter than Bartulis and not so husky. Bartulis and Blackie had been virtually inseparable for a long time. Nobody knew why the latter suddenly had disappeared from Brooklyn.

Winter snows swirled again through

the city and detectives kept trudging grimly after the ex-convict. Only the possibility that the break might come at any time gave them heart now for the task. O'Connell, Henry and Riley had been retained on the job at their own request.

The murder of Ralph Oliver was 15 months old. At 2 o'clock on the morning of Friday, February 8, 1946, Bartulis left his Front Street home. Riley was watching.

Usually the ex-con swaggered out and walked down the street without a backward look. Now he paused in the doorway and stared up and down the street. Riley, slumped low behind the wheel of his darkened car, sat motionless.

Bartulis evidently did not see him. The longshoreman again scanned the gloomy street. He turned right and headed for the more brightly-lighted thoroughfares. When Bartulis reached the end of the block, Riley pressed the starter, then slid the car into gear. He eased up to the corner and saw the broad back of his quarry marching purposefully along the cross street.

Riley had just begun to turn the corner when Bartulis stopped and looked around. The detective straightened the wheels and continued across the intersection. "Joe's certainly jumpy tonight," he thought. "Something's up."

Now Riley had to speed around the block, hopping fervently that his man would not slip into some building in the meantime. He breathed a sigh of relief as he again came cautiously to the main street. Bartulis' figure was visible a block ahead. Riley saw the ex-convict pause in the garish neon glow of a tavern, then enter the place.

Parking his car half a block away, the detective walked up and casually sauntered into the tavern. A swift and expert glance found Bartulis seated alone at a table in a far corner. This was indeed a new departure. Bartulis invariably patronized the bar, even with feminine company.

The ex-convict was watching the door. Riley could not even hesitate. He sauntered toward the back of the bar where a nonchalant half-turn would permit him to see Bartulis' table. He ordered and waited.

It was not very long. The front door opened and Bartulis' girl came in alone. She looked around hesitantly, then gave a brief, nervous smile and walked over to the ex-convict's table.

Almost immediately they were deep in conversation. Riley wished he could hear what they were saying. But they leaned forward across the table, heads close, and there was too much other noise anyway.

The detective made his decision. By this time, he knew his quarry's every mood and manner. Bartulis never had acted quite like this before. He was nervous and secretive. He seemed to be making an extra effort to impress something on the girl.

Riley stepped back to the telephone booth and called headquarters. He explained the situation to other detectives conversant with the case and gave the address of the tavern. "Something's cooking," he said. "I may need help. If they leave separately, I'll follow the first one to go. We'll just hope you can get a man here in (Continued on page 56)

MUSIC FILLED THE PERFUMED HAWAIIAN NIGHT.

BUT THERE WAS ONLY HATRED IN ONE YOUTH'S HEART!

By Christie Blake

HE SAT ALONE on the low rock wall staring at the red sunset over the Pacific. Behind him the dance orchestra in the Moana Hotel was playing the first number of the evening for the early diners.

He knew without looking down Waikiki beach that the tables under the spreading banyan tree were crowded with mainland tourists drinking cocktails, laughing, chatting. Rich people from places like San Francisco, who could go where they pleased and do what they wanted; people who amounted to something in the world.

His blood began to throb through his veins, blurring his brain with a rebellion that deepened into flaming hatred as he turned away from the music and saw the first lights twinkling in the luxurious houses toward Diamond Head.

His small, clever hands became suddenly cold and wet with sweat. Important people who had plenty of money lived in those places and behind him in the other large dwellings in the cool green Manoa Valley—where the mountains rose from the sea.

He had seen into those houses walking along the streets sometimes on his nights off. The big low rooms were lamp-lit and the walls booklined. The books were jacketed in colors like the blooms of hibiscus, poinciana and cup-of-gold.

He loved books. They took him into another world where there were no landlords to hound tenants for the rent of flimsy, crowded little houses and to threaten to put them in the street if they didn't pay. Books told about life in places such as San Francisco, where a poor boy could make something of himself.

The sun sank below the horizon and the wind from the sea dropped, letting the dusk come down. Even the palms ceased their rustling. In the hush he sat very still and a strange feeling passed over him. From somewhere came the sweet, thick scent of plumeria blossoms.

Abruptly into his cunning mind sprang an idea. Like the night wind that rose suddenly from the sea it came, sinister and out of nowhere, but as if it had been waiting in some secret place for a long time.

He would get what he wanted. He knew what to do. On this one thing he would stop at nothing.

He felt it in the very core of his being, and as the terrible force of the idea took hold of him he became frightened of himself. He started to quiver and his teeth began an uncontrollable tattoo. He clutched the wall until the rough rock bit into the palms of his hands and when he held one up he saw that it was bleeding. It was like an omen. . . .

It was almost noon in the busy, spacious offices of the Hawaiian Trust Company in downtown Honolulu on September 18. Outside the private office of Frederick W. Jamieson, vice-president of the rich and powerful company, his secretary was answering calls on her telephone extension.

A small, neat Filipino boy came into the room, hesitated a moment, then neared her desk, dropping a letter in front of her. The badge on his cap showed he was from a messenger service. "It's for Mr. Jamieson personally. It's urgent," he said.

The young woman took the envelope unopened into Jamieson's desk and returned to her work. In a few minutes her buzzer sounded. Jamieson's face was gray-white. He shoved a letter into a desk drawer as if he didn't want her to see it.

"What's the matter?" she asked. "Aren't you well?" He did not answer, but merely stared at her.

"I'll get you some water," she said. She was back in a moment with a paper cup of icewater. He gulped it.

"Get me the number of . . ." He paused. "No, just forget it."

"Are you sure you're all right?" she asked. His color had come back a little but she was frightened. She had never seen him like this.

"I'm all right." His voice, usually smooth, was hoarse, ragged and she had the odd feeling that he wanted to tell her something but could not.

She heard her phone ring. It was Mrs. Jamieson. Her voice was thin and excited, almost hysterical. The girl switched the call to Jamieson's extension.

What was wrong? Was little Gill sick? She knew how attached the parents were to their 11-year-old boy. The secretary was so upset that she had filed three letters from the Maui branch in the Kani file before she looked up and saw Jamieson leave the bank, carrying his briefcase.

He sped to his attorney's office. There Arthur McDuffie, private detective agency head, listened with rigid attention to Jamieson's story.

"I talked to my wife just before I came here. The principal

# Hell IN PARADISE

LITTLE Gill Jamieson was taken from school on the pretext that his mother was hurt. Then his father received a ransom note.

THE KIDNAP victim's parent was vice-president of a big bank on Honolulu's Bishop Street, shown in photograph at far right.



JAMIESON COUNTED the bills and handed them over. "I'll bring the boy," said the man. "I'll guarantee your ransom!"

at the school said a young man in a car called Gill this morning. He told her that my wife had been in an accident and we wanted the boy at the hospital. Naturally, the principal let Gill go. It was not unusual for people to take a man and a car to pick up a child for some special reason. Later the principal, Miss Winne, called the house to inquire about Mrs. Jamieson. That was the first her mother knew that Gill wasn't in school. I received the letter just a few minutes before my wife phoned me."

"Let's go over the note once more," Jamieson's attorney said. McDuffie took up the sheet of paper which, before Gill Jamieson was found, was to become as familiar to the people of Honolulu as though they had received it themselves.

**J**APANESE, Chinese, Hawaiian, Filipino, Caucasian—all the piglet races that make up the population of the sprawling city from the exclusive homes of Manoa Valley to the flimsy shacks crowded below River Street were to read the newspaper facsimiles of the letter and take up the search for the kidnapped child.

The note was hand-printed, long, rambling and full of repetitions, but written in a literary style. It warned Jamieson to keep the kidnaping secret and offered \$10,000 cash, plus \$500 in nominations from \$5 to \$50. He was instructed to await a phone call which would hint the time and the place to meet the kidnappers. He was told his wife was remarkable in the message were passages such as this:

"... The world is a mere stage in which we humans are the humble actors or players. We are now about to play our part in our secret drama entitled *THE VANISHING SHOWBOYS*. Note that we are but three poor walking shadows..."

The note was signed **THE THREE KINGS**. After McDuffie finished reading the message to the three men, he said at each other. There was a chill light in the eyes of the two on whom Jamieson had called for help. The face of the father was laggard; the lines around his eyes deep-

"It isn't the money," he said. "But when I think that those devils have been in their power..."

"I'll have to make up to their demands," McDuffie said. "We'll contact the police and sheriff but take every precaution against publicity." He shifted in his seat. "You said the \$10,000 I suppose?" "Certainly," Jamieson replied. His attorney nodded quickly. "I'll handle that end, Fred," he offered. "You'd better get you to your wife and wait for that call. We'll take care of everything."

Later in the day officials questioned Mary Winne, principal of the missing child's school, and the messenger who only words his companion spoke were to direct him along the way. They stopped finally in a lonely side road lined by tall hibiscus hedge about a mile and a half from Thomas Square.

"That's the money in your hat," the kidnaper ordered. "Count it out."

Jamieson counted the bills and wrapped them again in a neat package.

"Wait here, I'll bring the boy," The



**FOR THE MURDER OF THE child in a thickset near Waikiki beach (right), the young kidnaper-always (above) died on a Honolulu quillow.**

five feet five inches. He spoke nicely and was very open in his approach. There was nothing tricky or sophisticated about him. He was dressed in khaki pants and blue shirt and wore dark glasses."

A clerk in her office had noticed there was a car waiting in front of the building. She thought it was a taxicab but could not be sure.

It was 9 p.m. when Jamieson got to Thomas Square across from the Honolulu Academy of Arts. A few minutes before the smooth, pleasant voice had phoned his instructions at the banker's home. Jamieson had barely taken time to dial the police before keeping the rendezvous. The ransom was in his car.

The crowd at the band concert in the square was milling around under the trees. Jamieson parked on the *mauwa* (inland) side and blinked his lights.

He glanced at his watch. He was a few minutes early. He didn't dare look around to see if detectives were in one of the cars nearby. People passed his car but he strained his eyes into the darkness to see their faces. Once a young thicket Hawaiian came near and Jamieson's heart quickened, but the man only stopped in the lee side of the machine to light a cigarette.

The package with the money was in the glove compartment.

He didn't see where the fellow came from but a man did into the car quickly. He held a handkerchief in one hand across part of his face.

"Drive on," he said, his voice low and muffled by the handkerchief. Jamieson could not tell whether it was the same man who had talked to him on the phone. "Drive down this street toward Waikiki," the masked stranger asked.

It seemed to take an interminable time to make the trip, Jamieson asked as they stopped for a red light. "Is my boy all right?" But he received no answer. The everything on the handkerchief for the boy. The kidnappers don't intend to keep their word and so there's no use for secrecy any more."

Sherriff Gleason, McDuffie and Judge Heen Jamieson's attorneys, gave all the facts to the reporters. They provided a list of the serial numbers of the bills in the ransom package and a copy of the description of the young man who had

kidnaped took the money under his left arm and backed out of the car door. In a second he was lost in the dark bushes. Jamieson waited. As he sat there pictures out of the past flashed through his mind, scenes remembered of Gill as a baby, his first day at school, Gill bent over his schoolbooks at night in the lamplight. But there was no sound except the muffled noise of traffic down on Beretania Street, blocks away.

The bunker waited with growing fear for almost an hour before he started the motor and turned on the lights. He waited another five minutes to be sure. But there was no one in sight along the lane and the bushes were stirred only by the breeze that came down from the mountains.

The kidnaper was not going to bring Gill back! With a heavy heart the father drove to town.

**IT WAS 10:15** when Frederick Jamieson reentered the crowded offices of his attorneys, Heen and Godbold. The air was blue with cigarette smoke and the rooms crowded with policemen, reporters from the Honolulu *Star-Bulletin* and *Advertiser* and from the Chinese language newspapers.

"We lost you in the crowd at the Square," said Sherriff Patrick Gleason. "We were afraid to come too close. What happened?"

"He took the money. I waited an hour but he didn't return with the boy," Jamieson slumped into a chair.

"We checked on the phone call," Gleason said. "It was made from a public booth near your office. No one could identify the man. We didn't push it too hard just then. Didn't want to get any one excited while we were dealing with the kidnappers."

"But there's plenty we can do now," Detective McDuffie broke in. "We'll let the reporters bring out the story. Get everything on the record for the boy. The kidnappers don't intend to keep their word and so there's no use for secrecy any more."

Sherriff Gleason, McDuffie and Judge Heen Jamieson's attorneys, gave all the facts to the reporters. They provided a list of the serial numbers of the bills in the ransom package and a copy of the description of the young man who had

taken Gill Jamieson away from school.

Before midnight the *Star-Bulletin* and the *Advertiser* were on the streets with extra carrying the story of Gill's abduction and reproducing the ransom letter signed by the Three Kings.

Gleason, the police department, and other official agencies were already putting into operation their plans for combing the island of Oahu for the missing boy.

The office of Heen and Godbold in downtown Honolulu became a center of activities spreading all over the city.

As the night wore on the phones rang incessantly. Frederick C. Bailey, Bank of Hawaii cashier and handwriting expert, was contacted to make a study of photostatic copies of the letter demanding for distribution to all stores and shops in the city listing the numbers on the ransom bills. The area around the spot where Frederick Jamieson had last seen the kidnaper was searched for footprints.

Below River Street in the crowded Oriental area a police dragnet was spread and contact made with underworld sources of information.

Deputies visited the home of Johnny Tosh, former chauffeur of the Jamiesons, to make a routine check on his whereabouts at the time Jamieson met the kidnaper in the park. But Tosh was not at home. Immediately they started a search for him.

Offers of help came from business and professional men of the city. The Jamiesons were what the Hawaiians call *kamoumas* or long-established residents and they were wealthy and influential. Their friends were important people ready to do anything in their power to help in this heart-breaking crisis. But at the moment there was nothing they could do but stand by.

Morning found Sherriff Gleason still at his desk, tired and unshaven, but deep in the task of organizing the city by districts to search for Gill. He assigned deputies making brake checks on the principal boulevards to the task of stopping and questioning drivers of all cars and to examining the luggage compartment of each vehicle.

The early edition of the *Star-Bulletin* carried the notice that all volunteers in

the hunt for Gill Jamieson would be welcomed.

It was a staggering task to organize such a search. But already Miss Winne, principal of the Punahou School, had had schoolmates of Gill search the buildings and grounds. Every closet, attic, cupboard and basement was gone over, but without success.

Would Gill be found dead or alive? No one would answer that question? But the chances of his being found increased as inhabitants of Honolulu, well as outlying districts of Waipahu, Wailua, Haleiwa, Kahuku and Kaneohe were fully aroused now and determined to locate the missing child.

Along with offers to help tips began to come in, leads that had to be investigated by deputies and police officials.

A woman living near Punahou School had seen a car speeding down the street shortly after 9 a.m. Tuesday with a child passenger screaming. But the woman could add nothing to the description of the car other than to give the car to Miss Winne's office. It looked like an ordinary taxicab.

**L**ATE IN THE afternoon Sherriff Gleason and Arthur McDuffie were checking on the day's work in the sheriff's office. Gleason called in the deputy he had assigned to checking the Nuuanu YMCA, where the messenger had received the ransom note.

"Did anyone at the desk in the Nuuanu Y see the man who gave the note to the messenger?"

"No one," the man answered. "We even searched the trash, thinking it might be someone who lived there and that they might have left pieces of paper used for

practice in printing the note. But we found nothing."

Another deputy came in. "I've got the final report on the car traps. No result."

"How about footprints at the spot where Jamieson last saw the kidnaper?" Gleason asked.

"There was a lot of tall grass. They couldn't find any prints."

"How about the cab stands? Have you located the driver of the car that took Gill from school?"

"Still checking on that. A couple of the drivers are over on the other side of the island at Kaneohe. They should be back pretty soon and we'll question them then."

"Have the Jamiesons heard anything further from the kidnappers?" Gleason pressed.

The deputy stopped. "We'd have been in here on a flash if they had. The boys are out running down some tips now and we've got two men trying to locate Johnny Tosh. Looks like he took a powder."

In a few minutes Frederick Bailey, the handwriting expert, called in the results. Gleason listened carefully making notes on a pad.

"The ransom note was written by a person of Oriental extraction, probably an write Chinese or Japanese," the sheriff was informed. "Some of the portions were copies from some other writing. The writer was nervous. He blotted the ink almost as soon as the words were down. The numbers appear to have been made by a bookkeeper or an accountant."

"An oriental!" McDuffie exclaimed. "Wonder how much we can depend on this analysis?"

"Heavily, when Bailey does it," Gleason said. "This means we've got to get our hands on Tosh." (Continued on page 46)

## murder man's secretary

**IF** LRLS, how would you like to be roused by the phone at 3 in the morning and told that you were wanted at the scene of a homicide? How would you take it if the boss broke in on a party and ordered you out to chat with a bandit or a killer in the dead of night?

That happens to Helen Bohn. One night she was even rushed to headquarters in an evening gown, there to take down the sordid confession of a murderer.

Bohn, 23, dark-haired and gray-eyed, is secretary to Detective Lieutenant Edward A. Dieckmann, chief of the homicide squad of the San Diego police department. And she considers her job one of the most interesting in the world.

She writes case reports for all eight detectives under her boss' command, and in the course of a year

takes hundreds of statements from all sorts of criminals—most of them killers, of course, since Dieckmann's officers specialize in murder.

In court, when a case comes to trial, she is invaluable, reading from her shorthand notes the results of the investigation which led to the charge against the defendant.

"It's the excitement, the change of pace that makes my job so interesting," the former college girl declared. "There's something new every minute. And we do a lot of people, too, and that's gratifying. Mine is a great job. I love it."

Even when she is tumbled out of bed at 3 in the morning, and a party ruined, or has to be her dancing partner, goodnight because she's got another date with a killer...

But that's where we came in, isn't it?



IT HAD BEEN an unusually bitter winter. More often than he could remember ever having done in the past, Edgar Little had prowled into the frozen swamps to fell trees which he trimmed and hauled out by mule to feed the insatiable kitchen range and the pot-belly stove in the sitting room.

Luckily his stepson Woodrow had been at home to help, although his presence had meant the need of additional fuel. Not that the 20-year-old youth himself required extra heat, but he had brought his family with him, pretty, petite Camille Louise, his 18-year-old wife, and Julia Ann, their toddling daughter, for whom the fires were kept roaring against the whistling wind that drove down out of the mountains across the North Carolina tobacco plains.

Alighting at break of day from the bus to plod up the mud-rutted back road to his home, Little was glad for the breath of spring in the air. It had been a hard time for all. Between them he and Woodrow had worked nearly around the clock in the textile mill and shared the chores of Little's small tobacco farm. Camille cared for her baby, kept the house in order and cooked for the men. In a few months she was to become a mother again.

But with the return of spring work would ease off in the mill and Little and his stepson would begin their cultivation of tobacco. Camille would have fewer meals to prepare. There would be time for leisure at the end of the day, time for Little, now feeling the weight of years on his shoulders, to share in the pleasures of a family reunited beneath his roof once more.

The thick mud sucked at the tobacco planter's overshoes as he trudged up the lane that morning of February 1, 1946. The night's rain had ceased, but a thin, cold fog still hung in the air. Little noticed as he neared the house that there were no tracks in the road except those he was leaving, and he wondered vaguely about this. Woodrow should already have caught his bus to the mill, where he worked days, his stepfather nights.

Little passed by the tobacco bed on his way to the kitchen door and glancing at the thick covering of pine straw atop it, betought himself again of the nearness of spring.

It was nearly time to lift the straw blanket and plant tobacco in the richly fertilized stony bed. Nurtured there in the warm soil, the seedlings later would be transplanted to grow tall and full-flavored in the open fields. Ed Little was proud of his tobacco bed. Year by year he had built it, tended it, enriching its black earth with food for successive crops. He smiled as he stood beside it, remembering the time he'd dragged a dead hog all the way in from a far pasture just to bury it for fertilizer in the bed.

Turning from his inspection of the seedling ground, the farmer glanced up at the sky. It would rain again today. Tomorrow, perhaps, it would shine. Time enough then to think of digging and sowing.

His eyes fastened upon his chimney. It was strange there was no smoke curling from it. Camille should be getting his breakfast—his supper, rather, since it was the last meal of the day for him now that he had the night shift. Remembering that Woodrow's footprints were not in the muddy road and wondering why Camille wasn't cooking his meal, Little turned the knob and went indoors.



WITH A handcut dangling from one wrist, the youthful slayer shows how he waddled a poker in his murderous foray



THIS MULE'S part in the crime confused Deputy Clarence King (holding animal) and Sheriff H. M. Clark (background).

IT WAS UNCANNY! TRACKS  
OF THE MULE WERE PLAIN, BUT  
THERE WERE NO HUMAN FOOTPRINTS!

Only silence answered his shouts at first. Then came a sleepy voice from a bedroom at the rear. "That you, dad?"

"Of course it's me, son!" Little thundered. "What're you doing in bed? It's time you were at the mill. Where's Camille? Where's little Julia Ann?"

It was the baby whom he had missed instantly upon entering the house. Never did she fail to come toddling to meet him. But she was nowhere around. In a moment Woodrow shuffled into the kitchen, hauling his belt snug. He was still barefoot and shirtless.

"Camille's gone," the young man mumbled. "Took the baby with her and went to her ma's."

"I thought she didn't plan to go till next week," the stepfather said. "How long's she aim to stay?"

"For good, so she said," the young husband replied. "We had a spat last night. She packed a suitcase and left. She told me not to try to get in touch with her. She'll be back, most likely. You know how it is, pa. Women in her condition get flighty. But I felt so bad about it I just couldn't go to work today. You go wash up. I'll get something for us to eat."

With a heavy heart Little went to his own room. For a deeper reason than his (Continued on page 41)

# QUARREL WITH CAMILLE



"SHE CUT ME with a pocket knife," Woodrow said. He based on arm to exhibit a slight scorch upon it. (Photo posed by professional model)

WA  
FOR



**WHAT'S WRONG** with that man? He must be drunk, and so early in the morning too."

Spurred by his wife's words, Walter Cronk glanced down a rutted desert road joining the highway from the southwest. He watched the weaving approach of the new Dodge touring car.

It rocked crazily as its wheels climbed out, then dropped back into the rutted tracks. "Something wrong, sure," the husband agreed.

The Cronks, touring west from Denver, had spent the night of November 15 in a sandy draw one mile east of Stoval, Ariz. An experienced camper, Cronk had been busy over his breakfast fire. He stood up now. The Dodge was moving slowly. There were two figures in the front seat.

The car came abreast of the camp. He could see the driver, an elderly, gray-haired man in a khaki shirt and mackinaw coat.

The driver's eyes lifted from the road as the machine stopped. He saw the campers. "Help! Please help! I'm hurt!"

Reaching the auto, he saw the second figure in the front seat was an elderly, motherly woman, well dressed. She was leaning against the man's shoulder staring straight ahead.

The leather cushions, the floorboard, the instrument panel, the whole interior of that front compartment was covered with blood.

"I've been shot!" the driver gasped weakly, then dropped forward against the steering wheel.

"Help the woman, Clara," Cronk called to his wife. Opening the left front door, he slipped his arms under the wounded man's shoulder and started to lift him from the car. As he did so he could see why the woman had neither spoken nor moved. She was dead.

Her skull was split open. There was one hole in the back of her head and a second wound lower in her neck.

Stretching the driver on the ground, Cronk discovered three bullet holes in the man's shoulder, neck and arm, all on the left side.

"Get some water, Clara," he urged. The wounded man needed a doctor. Every second counted. But where would they find help? Just before dusk the previous evening they had passed through the last town, Gila Bend, 35 miles to the east. Desperately Cronk tried to remember what town there had been on the map to the west.

Mrs. Cronk came back with a canteen and a dampened towel. She bathed the old man's face. Finally his eyes opened. "Anna's dead, isn't she?"

"Don't try to talk, now," Cronk counseled. "You need your strength."

Far in the distance the Southern Pacific passenger train No. 3, westbound for Yuma and Los Angeles, whistled for a curve. "Get the car, Clara. We'll drive to the railroad and stop that train. Never mind the camp outfit."

The Cronks lifted the old man into the back seat of their big Buick. The train whistled again, closer this time. Cronk beaded across the desert to the right-of-way half a mile north.

Jim Flanagan, the engineer, jammed on his air brakes and jerked his whistle in a staccato signal for the conductor to come forward.

The train ground to a stop. Conductor Walter Dorsett swung off the front coach and ran up, followed by Special Agent Pat Sullivan of the railroad police.

"A man's been shot," Cronk explained. "We need a doctor bad."

Sullivan took one look at the unconscious figure in the back of the Buick, then spoke from his long familiarity with gunshot wounds. "Better take him to Yuma. I don't think he'll make it, but we'll put him in the front coach and tell Flanagan to highball it in." He turned to Cronk. "How did it happen? What do you know about it?"

"Nothing. There is a dead woman in the car too."

Sullivan jerked around to look in the Buick again.

"Not our machine. In his." Briefly Cronk explained everything he could.

"Might be murder," Sullivan said. "You get this old man to the hospital. I'll go into Stoval and call the sheriff in Yuma on the railroad wire."

Dorsett, Sullivan and Cronk lifted the badly wounded man into the coach. As they climbed back down the steps No. 3 was already rolling.

"It's queer business of some kind, all right," Sullivan said. "That desert road you're talking about comes in from Ajo and Tucson. Too bad the old man couldn't talk. If you'll drive me into Stoval—it's only about a mile down the road—I'll phone the

# desert doom!

By Mark Stevens



SHERIFF J. H. Pothmann (far left) believed a story of a breakdown in the desert was simply a part of a pattern of murder. But how had the men who turned on his headlights escaped on foot in that region?

"I DIDN'T shoot them," he little suspect claimed. "Two bundles opened fire. Then I got out my gun and shot back." However, a second jury could not swallow this incredible story, and the killer hanged.



PHOTOGRAPH shows how investigators, backtracking the death car, came upon a number of clues at the murder scene. How could the wounded man drive so far?

PLAYING THE GOOD SAMARITAN COST ONE LIFE IN THE LONELY WASTES

OF ARIZONA. BUT THE GUNMAN FAILED TO KILL HIS SECOND VICTIM!



**THROUGH THE** efforts of Sheriff Ben Daniels of Tucson it was established that the slayer watched an intended victim cash \$1,000 in express checks.



**LOSER IN ONE** trial, District Attorney George Dornell dug into the record of the defendant. The evidence which he uncovered there resulted in a trip to the gallows.

sheriff and then we'll go back out to your camp and wait."

**YUMA, COUNTY SEAT** and nearest city of any size, was 50 miles west. Sullivan realized it would be possibly a couple of hours before Sheriff J. H. Polhamus could reach the scene.

They returned to the Dodge touring car in the middle of the desert road near Cronk's camp. Sullivan studied the body of the woman slumped in the front seat. "She's been dead at least 12, maybe 15 hours," he judged. "If we go through the baggage we may find something."

Cronk pointed to a celluloid envelope strapped to the steering wheel column. "That car registration might tell you who they are."

The Dodge was registered to Peter Johnson of West Arapahoe Street, Denver.

With a carefulness born of long experience, Sullivan checked the license on the registration slip against the numbers on the plates. "Johnson's car all right," he said. "We shouldn't move the body, so let's look in the back seat."

There were suitcases and boxes on the floor and the cushion, but there was still room on the seat for a man to squeeze in. "The way this is stacked," Sullivan said, "it looks like there was a third person in the rear here."

The S. P. officer and Cronk unloaded most of the luggage. Lodged between two of the suitcases and on the floor they found five empty brass cartridges.

Sullivan picked up one, sniffed it, and glanced at the cap end. The shell had been fired from a .32-caliber Mauser automatic.

Apparently Peter Johnson and the dead woman had been shot by a passenger in the back seat. How had the killer escaped? What was the motive? If the Johnsons were traveling from Denver to California, why had they selected that tortuous jackrabbit desert trail? If they had come from Tucson, they had chosen a poor route by going through Ajo.

Sheriff Jack Polhamus, a big, weather-beaten ex-cattleman, reached Cronk's camp accompanied by Yuma County Attorney H. H. Baker, at 25 minutes past

11 on the morning of November 16.

Polhamus and Baker listened to Cronk's story and then heard Pat Sullivan relate what he had discovered in his search of the car.

"The man's name is Johnson all right," Baker said. "The train crew found his wallet and left word for us at Welton when they stopped for water. There was something over \$900 in the pocketbook."

Sullivan whistled softly. Apparently robbery had not been the motive for the crime.

The sheriff made a brief examination of the body. "I think you are about right on the time of death," he told Sullivan. "She was probably shot before dark last night."

He lifted a woman's purse from the seat, opened it and spread the contents on the right front fender. "Here's a book of printed checks with the name Anna Johnson on them. She must be the old man's wife."

Baker turned to Walter Cronk. "I suppose you folks are anxious to get on your way?" he queried.

"We want to be in San Diego tomorrow night, but if there is anything more we can do here . . ."

"I don't believe there is," the county attorney said. "However, we'd like to have your statements and an address where we can reach you. If you and your wife could stop in Yuma and tell your story to my stenographer there, it would speed things up and leave us free to go ahead with the investigation at this end."

The Cronks promised to do this.

In the meantime Polhamus had replaced Mrs. Johnson's things in her purse. "I'm going into Stoval," he said, "and telegraph Denver. They can probably give us some information about the Johnsons. And I'll wire Sheriff Ben Daniels in Tucson and see if he can pick up their trail there. The undertaker from Yuma and the coroner from Welton should be here by the time we are ready to leave."

Baker nodded. He realized that time and distance were both working for the killer. If the Johnsons had come over the old road from Tucson, the assault must have taken place in the 40 miles of

lonesome desert between Ajo and Stoval.

The Cronks departed. Baker and Sullivan stayed with the corpse while Polhamus completed his business with the railroad telegrapher in Stoval. The undertaker arrived, accompanied by Deputy Sheriff G. O. Johnson of Yuma County.

Polhamus ordered Johnson to watch the car while he, Sullivan and Baker backtracked on the road to Ajo.

The weaving path of the Dodge was easy to follow. As they drove across the desert dotted with thirsty ironwood, mesquite and palo verde, all three officers marveled at Johnson's ability to negotiate the twisting road.

"It must have been agony," Baker said softly, "weak as he was and with his wife on the seat beside him dead."

Sullivan nodded. "I have been figuring he was going to check out, but a man who could come through this will give the docs a lot of help."

"If he doesn't pull through," Polhamus observed, "we may never know what happened."

**WITH EACH MILE** their admiration for Johnson's courage increased. When the speedometer on the sheriff's car had logged 17 and six-tenths mile, the sheriff pulled to a halt.

"The Dodge stopped here," he said. "Johnson had trouble getting her going again."

They went over the ground. The story was there, plain and convincing to their trailwise eyes, but there were no shells or blood spots to fix this as the murder scene.

"Johnson might have spent the night here," Sullivan suggested. "It would have been the smart thing to do."

Four and a half miles farther on they found another place where the Dodge had been parked. The officers searched the ground carefully. Here there were flecks of blood, one set of small footprints, and the sheriff retrieved two more brass shell cases which had been fired from a .32 Mauser automatic.

The tracks led north and west across the desert. "Our killer left these," Polhamus said. "He might be heading for the railroad or the highway."

The sand was too soft to retain more than a blurred impression of the footprints. They were small, but details of sole and heel were lost.

"I think we've crossed into Pima County," Baker said. "At any rate, we're close to the line."

If the killer was headed north he was bound to strike the railroad, the highway and the Gila River. He could then follow any one of these three avenues, either east or west. To the south Ajo was the only white settlement between this desert spot and the Mexican border.

The slayer had at least a 12-hour start. It was useless to try to follow him on foot, but there was still a chance he could be cut off before he reached the security of civilization.

After marking the spot so they could locate it again, the three officers headed back for Stoval. They reached Cronk's camp at 20 minutes past 4. Johnson and the Dodge were still there. Mrs. Johnson's body had been taken to Yuma.

McGaw, the railroad telegrapher, sent word by a section (Continued on page 57)

## Camille

(Continued from page 36)

missing the laughing cherubs, Julia Ann, he disliked this affair. Woodrow had been a wild boy, and marriage had seemed to settle him down. Would he stay settled if parted from his family?

Scarcely believing yet that Camille had actually gone away for good—although she'd planned to visit her widowed mother in Asheboro, 125 miles to the northwest, in a short time—Little peered into his stepson's bedroom as he passed. He was surprised to note that her locker-type trunk and another suitcase she owned were still under the bed.

"Said she didn't want 'em," young Woodrow explained. "I'm going to burn them up. I don't want things around reminding me of her. She took everything she'll need."

That seemed true enough. The baby's clothes were gone, and many of Camille's garments had been removed from hooks, hangers and drawers.

"What time did they leave?" Little asked.

"Early this morning," Woodrow answered. "I walked her down to the highway and waited until we saw the bus coming. If you're through breakfast, Pa, you better go to bed. You've been working all night."

Little shook his head. "I wouldn't sleep," he said. "Anyhow, I've got to see Frank Johnson. It's almost time for planting tobacco. We might need a little help right at first, if we both keep on at the mill."

**H**E WALKED the half-mile up the highway to Johnson's farm, but his thoughts were not upon planting. They dwelt on Camille and little Julia Ann instead. He told

his neighbor about their having left home. "What I can't figure out," he said, "is Woodrow's telling me he walked them down to the highway to catch the bus when there ain't a track in the road except my own."

"The rain maybe washed 'em out," Johnson suggested. "What did you have in mind?"

"I know that boy," Little said. "He's had some trouble, but I don't think there's a mean bone in Woodrow's body. Yet I'm sure he didn't go with them down to the road. He said he did, most likely, just because he was sorry he'd let Camille and the baby go off alone. But my guess is they started somewhere else and never got there."

"What are you driving at?" Johnson wanted to know.

"I wish I could say for sure," Little rejoined. "Maybe they're in the swamps. Maybe they were heading across the fields to your place and got lost. Maybe somebody picked 'em up along the way."

"Maybe you better see the sheriff," Johnson suggested. "If they're in the swamps we'd better get up a searching party at once. I'll go along."

At the Little dwelling they found Woodrow burning the pieces of Camille's trunk and suitcase. The stepfather and his neighbor said nothing, but drove off in Johnson's machine toward the county seat.

Smuggled against the deep-running Cape Fear river, Elizabethtown, N. C., is a bustling little city and once the center of the big tobacco trade for which the river was at one time the main highway.

Edgar Little lived about seven miles upriver. It was midmorning when he and Johnson entered the office of Sheriff H. Manly Clark in the Bladen County courthouse.

Clark heard Woodrow's story as retold by the stepfather and put through a long distance call to Asheboro. The police chief there said he would see whether Camille and Julia Ann had arrived or if they were expected at the

young mother's former home. Meanwhile the sheriff advised his callers to wait in town for the reply.

"Most likely just a couple's ordinary spitting," he said. "I never yet heard of a bride who didn't say at least once she was going back to mama."

Later in the day Camille's mother phoned the sheriff. She had been expecting her daughter to visit her with little Julia Ann, but Camille and her child had not arrived in Asheboro and had sent no word of their coming. The bus which they would have taken if Woodrow's story was true already had reached the city to the north, and Camille and Julia Ann had not been aboard.

"I guess I better go out and look around," Clark told Little. "I'm not going to jump to any conclusions about Woodrow, but you've got to remember where he spent a couple of years. . . ."

Ed Little remembered, all right. It was a memory which galled him to the core, although there was nothing much he could have done to prevent what happened, and he had nothing really with which to reproach himself.

Woodrow Ewing hadn't had much of a chance as a kid. His dad died when he was a small boy, and his mother was unstable. The lad went only through the second grade of school before he was big enough to quit the classroom for the mill workshop, where he could earn enough to help support himself and his widowed mother.

Then Mrs. Ewing remarried and Woodrow went with her to live with his stepfather, Edgar Little. Already his headstrong ways were showing themselves. Little tried to correct the boy, but was not very successful. At last came the day when, in his early teens, Woodrow stole a bicycle, was caught and sentenced to the Jackson Training School, a reformatory. His mother meanwhile had been committed to a mental institution.

## How to Avoid these "BOOBY TRAPS" IN YOUR HOME!

What you can't see  
CAN hurt you—says the  
National Safety Council



**1** About 5,000,000 Americans are injured every year at home—33,500 fatally! Largest single cause: falling. To avoid shin-catching "booby traps," carry your "Eveready" flashlight in dark areas, and—



**2** Be sure all obstacles are cleared away. Linoleum or carpeting should be rucked down firmly. In attic or basement, pack all loose objects in nonflammable boxes stored against the walls, where no one can trip over them.



**3** Know in advance where your fuse box, main water and gas valves, etc., are located; be sure you have a clear path to them. Armed with your "Eveready" flashlight, you can approach without fumbling in an emergency. Be sure lamp cords and other loose wires are placed out of everybody's way.

**4** Keep your "Eveready" flashlight always in the same convenient place—so you won't be tempted to do without it because it can't be located. Keep it filled with "Eveready" batteries—they're again available at your dealer's.

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## Fisherman's Favorite

**CATCH HIM** in the South, and he's apt to be called "trout" or "green trout." Throughout the central section of the country, he is generally known simply as "bass," or possibly "black bass." Farther north, where he is more likely to share the same waters with his cousin, the small-mouthed bass, he is called "large-mouth." But no matter where you find him, he is the favorite of fishermen.

He's a tough, swashbuckling, ornery antagonist, and his fight embodies all the attributes sought in a game fish. He takes artificial lures with avidity, jumps clear of the surface frequently while making his bid for freedom, and he doesn't give up the battle until lifted, gasping, from the water.

When on his spring spawning beds, he is in an especially pugnacious mood, and will strike savagely, at almost anything that passes within range of his vision. At that time, your true sportsman leaves him to himself, as too-easy prey. But at almost every season of the year he stands ready to take on all comers, catch-as-catch-can; and the argument as to whether he strikes a lure through hunger, or merely to satisfy his killer's instinct, has yet to be settled.

Although he strikes readily at most artificial minnows, and at the floating, feathered "bass bugs" of the fly-rod fisherman too, most of the really big bass on record were taken by live-bait fishing. In lakes, the large-mouth is fond of minnows or small fish of almost any species. In streams, hellgrammites or crayfish are his particular tidbit. But his taste is catholic in the extreme; he has been known to take ducklings, water snakes, small turtles, mice, young birds, and, in fact, almost anything that comes his way.

The still-fisherman will do well to look for Old Bigmouth in the special bailiwicks he has chosen to rule—deep holes at the foot of rock ledges, near ancient drowned stumps, along the edge of lily pads. The successful fisherman studies with care the bottoms of his fishing waters, and carries a mental topographical map of their submerged contours. Although bass frequently cruise in deep water, particularly during the hottest part of the summer months, they are, generally speaking, shore-line feeders. And, as is the case with most game fish, they feed more freely after dark.

Don't be modest about the size of the minnow you offer bass. Big-mouth's maw is built along utility lines, and here the old adage of "big bait for big fish" holds good. Gauge the height of your float to hold the minnow from six inches to 18 inches clear of the bottom, and hook the bait fish either through the lips or just behind the dorsal fin, without touching the backbone, so that he is able to swim freely. When a bass takes the bait and the float goes down, don't be in a hurry to strike to set the hook. Take it easy; a bass always swallows a minnow head first, and he may grab the bait and start off with it, only to stop and spit the minnow out in order to get in proper position

before swallowing it. No matter what bait you use—minnow, hellgrammite or ordinary night-crawler—let him go some distance after he takes the bait before tightening up on him. Take your time.

As a general rule, the plug fisherman will find those artificial baits which make the most disturbance in the water the most appealing to large-mouths. In floating baits, those plugs which "pop," making a miniature explosion through the action of their concave fore-ends when being retrieved in short jerks, with plenty of twitchy reduction, are noted killers. And many a strike on floating lures, both artificial minnows and bass bugs, will come while the bait is absolutely stationary on the surface. After the bait is cast let it lie perfectly still for 30, 40 or 60 seconds. Then give the rod a twitch, and let the lure lie still again before starting the retrieve.

When casting to particularly "fishy" spots, never give up too soon. I have taken bass on the twentieth cast, when the bait had been presented, each time, within a radius of ten feet of the fish. My theory is that that bass was not hungry, but kept getting madder and madder at the plug invading what he considered his private domain. Finally, he reached a killing rage, struck, and angling patience had paid off again.

Although "all-purpose" artificial baits for any species of fish are more wishful thinking than actuality, I have used one particular bass lure with surprisingly successful results both North and South, and in almost every kind of water. This is a silver spoon with a chunk of pork rind, cut to the rough shape of a frog, attached to the spoon's hook. The pork chunk ends in two tapering "legs," and their action, in connection with the attention-attracting flashing of the spoon, seems irresistible where bass are concerned. By rapid reeling, the bait may be fished almost on the surface and by gauging the speed of the retrieve, varying depths may be fished, down to the bottom. It is practically weedless and almost never snags up.

Your dyed-in-the-wool bass fisherman scoffs either net or gaff in bringing his fish from the water. Simply slip a thumb into his mouth, with two fingers closed beneath his lower jaw, and you have him in an unbreakable hold.

And so, tight lines—no matter where you seek him! He is an antagonist worthy of any fisherman's steel, and his flesh ranks high in finny table delicacies. As a mark for you to shoot at, the world's record large-mouth was taken from a Georgia lake in 1932 and weighed 22 pounds 4 ounces.

**Editor's Note:** This is the first of a series of articles on hunting and fishing by John Hightower to appear monthly in LEXTON DETECTIVE. A recognized authority in his field, Mr. Hightower has contributed articles on natural history to many American periodicals as well as to the *Encyclopedia Britannica*. His book "Pheasants and Pheasant Hunting" is now on the presses, and he appears as an expert on a weekly nationwide radio program, "The Fishing and Hunting Club of the Air." Don't miss "Hook and Bullet" next month!



By John Hightower

The boy's record in the reform school was good. Despite his inadequate formal schooling, Woodrow was bright enough and seemed eager to learn. He used remarkably good English, considering his rudimentary education. He appeared ambitious to make good.

Reformatory life did harden the youth. He came out asserting boldly that he feared "no man, nor the devil himself." In a sense this could be all to the good; if he directed his energies properly, Woodrow would prosper.

It looked as if he were on the right path when he went to work in Asheboro and met Camille Miller. Woodrow was her first beau. Only a few weeks after they met and began "going steady" they were married. Camille was only 16 then.

For some months they lived with Camille's mother, but finally Woodrow began hankering to return to Bladen County. He got a job in the same cotton mill where his stepfather worked and settled down with Little on the tobacco farm. Things were going well with the kid who had never had a chance.

Now what had happened? Was Camille's departure just the result of an ordinary quarrel between a young couple in their early years of marriage? Or was there something more to it—something, perhaps, insinuated but not implicit in Woodrow's, "I fear no man nor the devil" farewell to the reformatory? The sun had come out by the middle of that Friday afternoon, February 1, when Sheriff Clark and Deputy Clarence C. King drove north toward Little's farm. En route they met Woodrow Ewing headed toward town, and stopped to question him about his wife and baby daughter. He told the same story his father had heard early that morning.

Clark listened, nodded and bade Woodrow goodbye as if he suspected nothing. He was glad the youth would be away when he and King looked over the premises.

The two officers searched through the house but found nothing out of order, and turned up nothing belonging to Camille or the baby. At last they poked into the potbelly living room stove in which Woodrow had burned his wife's trunk and suitcase. On top of the ash heap, apparently thrust inside after the fire had gone out, lay a sheet of crumpled white paper. Clark withdrew it, spread it flat on a table.

"Here," he directed Deputy King's attention. "This looks like blood to me."

The deputy agreed. The stain had not long since dried. Clark folded the paper and thrust it into a pocket.

**D**USK WAS falling. A hunt over the yard and outbuildings was useless. However, before leaving, the investigators did come upon a shovel with fresh dirt on its blade. The earth was dark and rich-looking, of different texture and color than the clay of the farm lot. Walking back to their car the two men slipped metal braces and a metal handle, which obviously had come from the burned trunk and bag.

"We'll find Woodrow in town," Clark said. "I want him to explain this bloody paper."

Young Ewing offered willingly to submit to questioning, but assured the Sheriff he could tell him no more than he already had about his missing family.

With the youthful husband sitting in the office with him, Sheriff Clark again telephoned Mrs. Miller in Asheboro. There was still no trace of Camille and the baby at her former home.

"Explain this, son," the Sheriff challenged, spreading the bloodstained paper before Woodrow. The youth eyed it coldly.

"We had a fuss last night, Camille and me," Ewing answered tonelessly. "She cut me with a pocket knife. I took it away from her, and wiped the blade on that paper."

He bared an arm and showed a scratch which looked scarcely deep enough to have bled more than a droplet or so. Woodrow



he'd left the knife on the kitchen table, but Clark had searched the kitchen and knew it was not there.

"I'm going to have to hold you," he told Ewing. "No charge—but there are a few things that need clearing up, and I'll want you handy to help."

"Anything you say," the boy shrugged. "But you'll find it's just like I told you. Camille went away. She said she was going to her mom's. If she changed her mind and went somewhere else, that's her business and that's all there is to it as far as I'm concerned."

Early the following morning Clark and Deputy King returned to the Little farm, talking with them the shovel in the hope that they could learn from the dirt on it where it had been used recently.

The ground was now dried out. In the bright sunlight the officers spied a queer trail leading from the kitchen door to the swamps. They noted the footprints of a mule, and over them the outline of a burden which had been dragged in the direction of the woods.

Deputy King remarked on Little's habit of getting wood from the swamps and hauling it in by mule.

"But whoever heard of hugging a log back into the woods?" Clark parried. "The mule's hoofmarks head that way. And whatever it was dragging wasn't as heavy as a tree trunk. You can see that from the shallowness of the groove it made. But what gets me is that the mule's tracks are the only ones there are. What was the animal doing, going off by itself with something tied on behind?"

They followed the puzzling track to the swamp, and there were surprised to find that it circled back toward the farmhouse. Still there were no human footprints accompanying it.

The drag marks ended beside the tobacco bed, where long years of walking and working around the patch of black earth had worn the ground smooth. Clark fingered a handful of dirt from the bed, then studied the small clods still clinging to the shovel. They were the same.

The edges of the bed had not been disturbed recently, and the straw covering seemed not to have been touched. Nevertheless, the two officers dug sample holes in several sections of the bed, fearful all the while that the shovel would uncover two bodies. But nothing was found. They returned to Elizabethtown.

They taxed Woodrow with the discovery of the mule's trail leading to the tobacco bed, but he simply stared at them with cold, blue eyes which seemed not to understand what they were driving at.

"What was the mule dragging out there?" Clark wanted to know.

"You got me," the boy shrugged. "Maybe she got loose and her harness strap curled around an old post or board."

On Sunday, two days after Camille and Julia Ann had vanished, Clark had Ewing brought down from his cell for one last questioning. "If we don't get something out of him now," he said, "we'll have to let him go."

The sheriff was not hopeful. He had sized up Woodrow rather thoroughly. The boy was hard, but he was also vain. If somehow he could touch upon that vanity...

He was still wondering just how to begin when Woodrow was brought in. The phone rang, Clark took it, then summoned a deputy. "Accident out a mile beyond town," he said. "Automobile scared a horse and it threw the rider."

Suddenly he smiled. The chance phone call had made it all clear to him, all that is, except for one important detail, and he was certain now that Woodrow would supply this missing information.

"You're very good at remembering facts, son," Sheriff Clark started. His compliment obviously pleased the youth, who smiled for

the first time since his arrest. "But you know," the sheriff continued, "when we try to tell about something that happened, sometimes we leave things out without really meaning to. Then, if we tell the same story again and again, maybe we remember and put these things in."

"Now I want you to start at the very beginning and tell me once more about the quarrel with Camille, how she acted, what she did—everything. And maybe we'll find a hint of just where she went after she left the house."

WOODROW eagerly launched into his narrative again. He embellished it with more detail than before, but it remained substantially the same. He and his pretty young

wife had quarreled; she'd packed a bag, dressed the baby and...

"And then," Clark interrupted, "you killed her. You killed the baby, too! You knew how you could get rid of their bodies and fool us completely. The trick was to get the mule to haul Camille and Julia Ann away without leaving any of your telltale footprints."

"That had us stumped for awhile. I guess we were just too close to the woods to see the trees. You rigged up the corpses and hitched 'em to the mule, and then you rode her down to the swamp and back to the tobacco bed."

"You're a smart kid, Woodrow. You nearly beat us on this one. But we finally found out, didn't we?"

(Continued on page 42)

#### Advertisement

### THE GANGSTER CAME TO COLLECT, BUT THEN...

KEITH GARY, ACE MOVIE DIRECTOR, HAS JUST PRESENTED STANLEY EWE WINNIE TO HIS ACTOR-SON, JOE, WHEN A TOWN STRANGER ENTERS THE DRESSING ROOM...

BIG TONY DON'T LIKE TO LOSE \$5000 AT DICE, GRAY. I'M HERE TO GET IT BACK

I-H-T NOT HERE

SO-O-O, THE DOUGH'S IN YOUR HOTEL ROOM, HUH? THEN SEND YOUR PAL HERE... AND HE'S GOT JUST 10 MINUTES OR ELSE...

I'LL GO, SON

MY SON GAMBLING WITH THUGS! THIS COULD MAKE A NASTY SCANDAL

IT WORKED! IT WORKED! AND HE SAID MY ACTING WOULDN'T FOOL A CH!

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RIGHT HERE, DAD. THE MAN YOU SAID COULDN'T ACT—LARRY PHELPS!

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...AND HIS LEADING LADY!

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FOR PLEASANT, COMFORTABLE SHAVES THAT PEP YOU UP, USE THIN GILLETTES. THEY'RE PLENTY KEEN AND LONG-LASTING. ALSO THEY'RE MADE TO FIT YOUR GILLETTE RAZOR PRECISELY SO THEY PROTECT YOU FROM THE IRRITATION OF MISFIT BLADES. ASK FOR THIN GILLETTES



**ANGUISH** came as a hangover to a billed round of crime and revelry in Chicago. In Criminal Court there Ruby Saylor collapsed in tears when sentenced to from one to ten years in the Illinois reformatory for burglarizing a number of homes with her common-law husband, Paul Kinsse. They have a baby.

**REMORSE** caught up with Betty Lee Richards, 22, in San Francisco. Betty Lee, it is alleged, parlayed three husbands right through as many branches of the Naval service, getting allotments from all three while she'd never bothered to obtain a divorce. Betty Lee wed a marine, coastguardsman and sailor.

**JOY** came at last to Charlotte Jones of Salem, Mass., when, after 20 years' imprisonment as a defective delinquent, she was freed by a judge in Dedham Probate Court. Clasp her is her mother, Mrs. Clara Walsh. It was the third time in a few weeks that courts had overruled the parole board on such a matter.



**HYSTERIA** in court availed Mrs. Speranza Pizanti nothing. On trial in Brooklyn for murder, she interrupted the proceedings with screams and gestures until the judge ordered her confined in a straitjacket. Then she admitted it was all an act, later pleading guilty to second degree homicide.

**CONSTERNATION** struck George Grissell (right) when he was hauled out of the jury box during the trial of Alfred L. Cline for forgery in San Francisco. He had been accepted as a juror after swearing he did not know the defendant. The trial was temporarily halted when it was discovered that he had been a fellow inmate of Cline in Folsom prison in 1933.

## Faces in the News





## Paradise

(Continued from page 35)



### CAN WE KNOW OUR PAST LIVES?

Does personality survive death? Do experiences of past lives cling to our consciousness—as the ascent of a flower lingers on? There are mistakes you could avoid—things you could do differently—if you could be certain. Have you felt strangely unlike yourself—more like someone else—with different inclinations and personality? Do new places and faces seem oddly familiar?

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## ZEMO

Sheriff Gleason and McDuffie were about to call it a day when Johnny Toshi, having heard the police were looking for him, turned himself in.

Toshi was a smart-looking young man of 23. His black hair was neatly trimmed and oiled. His black eyes were alert and watchful but he smiled pleasantly. "You wanted to see me?"

"Sit down," Gleason said. He looked the young man over carefully. In general he fitted the description given by Miss Winne. The sheriff glanced over the report handed him by officials who had visited Johnny Toshi's room and searched it.

"Where were you last night after 7 o'clock?" he asked.

"I spent the evening in a poolroom." Toshi's attitude seemed friendly.

"Anyone who can prove that."

"I was playing with several different fellows," Toshi said.

"What were you wearing?"

"Wearing? I had on khaki pants."

"What kind of a shirt?"

"A . . . blue shirt." Johnny seemed reluctant to answer.

"You used to work for the Jamiesons as a chauffeur. Why did you quit?"

"I didn't like the hours," Johnny Toshi said, lowering his eyes. "I got a better job."

"You mean you're making more money now as a waiter at the Seaside dining room?"

"No. But the hours are better."

"Have any trouble with the Jamiesons?"

"No. Except maybe Mr. Jamieson was a little mad when I left because he didn't have another boy."

Johnny Toshi had answered the questions truthfully so far as the sheriff knew. But he played pool and poker for money, he knew where Gill went to school and he was doubtless aware that Jamieson could raise \$10,000 in cash on short notice.

"Were you at work Tuesday morning?" Gleason asked.

"No. I went over to the other side of the island to swim."

"When you work right on Waikiki beach?" Gleason inquired.

"Beaches are not so crowded over there," Toshi said. "I like them better."

"Someone go with you? Meet anyone you knew that could prove you were there?"

"No."

Abruptly Gleason shoved a pad in front of Johnny Toshi and handed him a fountain pen. He laid out a blotter. "Print this," he commanded and began to dictate.

"Let us be calm in this. We assure you that your son is at present . . ."

**TOSHI STARTED** to print the words.

His hands began to shake. "Isn't that the note . . . the note the kidnapers wrote?" he asked in a husky voice, his brown face pale.

"Go on," Gleason said. "Print it."

He dictated a few more sentences, then put the paper carefully in his desk drawer. Johnny Toshi had blotted every word or two as he copied the dictation.

The sheriff asked one more question. "Do you speak Japanese?"

"Yes," Toshi admitted.

After Gleason had dismissed the chauffeur he turned to McDuffie. "We haven't enough to hold Johnny. I'll have his printing checked and we'll put a tail on him. But our first problem is to find 'Gill Jamieson.'" He paused. "Dead or alive?"

And they did find him. It was just before noon on Thursday. Gill Jamieson was dead.

Carl Vickers, an operative on the case, was

making a routine search of the Waikiki district. It was a sunny morning and the low, thorny banyan trees which grew in thickets around the lot whispered in the breeze. Through the grass were paths worn by people taking short cuts into the next block.

Vickers started up one path looking right and left into the tall grass. A bit of paper caught his eye but it was only a discarded cigarette package. He was almost in the kinder thickets. Vickers stooped to get under the first of the trees.

Inside was a beaten-down area with a broken crate and a few large rocks scattered around as if some group had met there.

Vickers stopped short. On one side of the thicket was a pile of debris. From it protruded a hand, small and grubby. Blood had run down into the palm and between the smooth fingers of the boy.

Vickers stepped closer. A top the pile was a rude cross of wood. Quickly, but carefully, the officer laid it aside and removed a few boards and newspapers. Before him lay the body of Gill Jamieson clad in a pair of white trousers and a white undershirt.

There were dark bruises on the shoulders and neck and the tongue was protruding. A bit of paper was clutched in one hand but Vickers did not stop to remove it. He dashed out of the thicket to summon his partner.

The two men had barely returned to the plot when the scream of sirens heralded the arrival of police, deputies, detectives and the coroner.

The coroner removed the paper from the band of Gill Jamieson and handed it to Sheriff Gleason. It was a poem clipped from a magazine. Gleason could make no sense of finding it here. He read it again.

There is no death. The flowers may drop and fade.

The ripe seed fall, the wind be brushed to sleep.

The night may pass and, gloriously arrayed,

The day star burns above the eastern sky.

Sheriff Gleason put the clipping in his pocket. The coroner made a rapid examination. "The tongue points to strangulation as the cause of death," he announced. "I would say from the other marks that he was also struck with a blunt instrument. I'll submit a full report later."

Ambulance men took the body away through a large crowd that seemed to have gathered out of nowhere. A deputy came up to Sheriff Gleason. In one hand was a white, bloodstained coat, in the other three small pieces of paper, stiff paper printed in bright colors. They were the halves of three playing cards, all face cards!

"The Three Kings!" Gleason exclaimed. "We'll check on that white coat," he told the deputy. "Better try the Seaside hotel, where Toshi works. We'll hold an inquest right here. I'm going to start wearing the jury from these men."

In his office later that same day, Gleason conferred with other law officials and attorneys.

Although dozens of tips had been run down, only one likely suspect had been questioned—Johnny Toshi. The numbers of the ransom notes had been published. From the statement of Miss Winne, the taxi driver and the messenger who had received the note, the picture of the front man for the kidnapers had developed. The cabman had added one detail. The man had spoken to him in fluent Japanese.

But most important of all the letter-printing by Johnny Toshi was said by Bailey to be the same as that on the ransom note. Gleason sent out word to arrest the former chauffeur. "I'll have Dr. Portus at the University of Hawaii check this too. I want to be doubly sure about the writing before I grill Johnny again," the sheriff said.

(Continued on page 48)

*An exclusive*

**DELL BOOK FEATURE**

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(Continued from page 46)

Other law officials also were busy. A total of 15 Oriental boys who had police records were brought in and questioned by John N. McIntosh, city inspector of detectives, and his force. Of the group three were held for further investigation.

Another suspect, J. Ishoshima, who had been involved in a blackmailing incident on the island of Hawaii was being sought. The report on Ishoshima had not yet come in.

**MEANWHILE** business organizations and friends of the Jamecians posted cash rewards for the apprehension of the killer. Already the rewards totaled more than \$20,000.

Later that night Johnny Toshi faced Patrick Gleason and his deputies. Dr. Porteus, while at first disagreeing with the findings of Bailey on the printing of Toshi, had examined the evidence again and agreed that the note had been printed by Johnny. Gleason was prepared to give Toshi an injection of "truth serum," even though admission so gained could not be used as evidence.

It was a long, hard session beneath glaring lights. Under the influence of the serum Johnny admitted writing the ransom notes. But no pressure of questions would get him to involve other men. Again Gleason sent deputies to search Toshi's quarters for the ransom money.

On Thursday the newsroom of the Honolulu *Star-Bulletin* was thrown into an uproar as another strange case in Gill Jamecison's death came to the desk of the city editor. It was a letter in a plain government stamped envelope, and it contained a printed note and a \$5 bill. The piece of currency bore the serial number of one of the ransom notes.

The letter, ostensibly written by the Three Kings, said that Gill had "departed for the unknown."

When Gleason heard of the note he said, "That certainly looks like Toshi isn't he, man. Unless he wrote it and left it with someone to be mailed. And this letter seems to have been written before the papers announced the finding of the body."

The postmark was late the evening before, while Toshi was in jail.

The bloody coat found at the murder scene had been carefully checked by McDuffie, private detective, but at none of the hotels in Waikiki did he find anyone who could identify it. The coats were supplied by a laundry service which cared for several hotels. It looked as if the murderer had been a waiter, but that was all the information the coat could be forced to yield.

Toshi was again put through the showup for the benefit of Miss Winne, the taxi driver and the messenger, but they still would not make a positive identification. Although Toshi spoke English fluently, as the young man had to Miss Winne, and Japanese equally well, as the kidnapper had to the cabman, the case against him was far from airtight. Gleason's answer to this situation was to redouble his efforts with outside suspects and to have articles published urging the public to keep a sharp watch for any of the ransom bills. "If Toshi is not the killer," he said, "every hour we lose is making it harder to find our man and his accomplices."

Another suspect, Ishoshima, who had been in the blackmailing plot on Hawaii, was on the verge of being released. He had been located finally at the home of a friend on Wilulili Street and had been able to explain several drawings found in his room, and a strange list of numbers. He had been working a puzzle in a magazine.

The investigation came to a standstill despite the clues, leads and suspects. The chief hope of a solution in the case was that Toshi was the killer and that some new evidence would be uncovered to prove him guilty.

The morning Gill Jamecison was buried

started a day that was to be long remembered in Honolulu.

It was a quiet, sorrowful funeral with huge wreaths of flowers, sheaves of tropical blossoms heavy with scent, and bright with color. When the undertaker was removing the flowers he found a card missed during the preparations. "With Sympathy," it said. It was signed "The Three Kings."

Quickly checking at the Floral shop of Chong Sing on Nuuanu Avenue, where the flowers had been purchased, the sheriff found the clerk who had made the sale. The purchase had been made late and the clerk had gone up the street to Kilby's, another florist, to see if the spray could be delivered with an order there.

The purchase had been made by a Japanese youth about 18 years old. He looked like a student type. He requested that the flowers be sent to the Jamecison home. They had been paid for with four half-dollars and a 25-cent piece.

Was this young man actually one of the kidnap-players, or was he merely a crank?

Of the ransom money only the \$5 sent with the letter to the *Star-Bulletin* had appeared. The reward advanced to \$25,000. Children were being escorted to and from school by nervous parents.

And then two more of the \$5 bills appeared.

A clerk in the Moses Office Equipment and Supply Company in downtown Honolulu, waiting on customers, made two sales. Each presented a \$5 bill. The clerk wrapped the purchases. One was a blue fountain pen, the other a package of typewriting paper. The buyers were outside the door before the employee remembered the list of bills the police had sent out. He checked the numbers, then called the police.

The purchaser of the blue fountain pen had given a note listed on the police list of ransom money.

Police hurrying to the scene were unable to locate the elusive customer, but the clerk said he was a young Japanese about 20 or 25.

Then at Wai'alua, a small community northwest across Oahu from Honolulu, the ticket agent at the station of the Oahu Railway Company reported that one of the marked bills had been presented early in the afternoon for a ticket into Honolulu.

And the agent knew the name of the youth who had presented the bill.

**HE WAS** Myles Fukunaga, a Japanese boy of 20. He was well known in the neighborhood since he had gone to school there and had been outstanding in his classes.

The officials located a restaurant where a

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(PLEASE PRINT PLAINLY)

**INSIDE detective**

10

GLAMOR KILL TRAPS LONELY KILLER

Watch For This Cover



walked, a former schoolmate of Myles, had talked with him. He had visited awhile then ordered some food.

"Did he act or talk out of the ordinary?" a detective wanted to know.

"No," the girl replied. "Except he did ask for a piece of paper and copy something out of a magazine." She did not remember the name of the periodical.

"What did he use to write with? Did he borrow a pencil from you?"

"Why, no," the girl said. "He had a pen." She thought it was a blue fountain pen.

The waitress believed Myles lived in the 600 block on Beretania Street in Honolulu.

The police went to that neighborhood and located the home of the youth. The parents, who spoke English only brokenly, greeted the police with astonishment. Myles hadn't been home for a week or so. He was staying with a boy with whom he used to work at the Seaview Rooms. They showed officers the place where Myles slept and kept his books and papers.

A rickety desk yielded nothing except some notes written in longhand. One of the deputies took a sample page back to headquarters.

Outside the small, crowded house a curious crowd of Chinese, Japanese and haoles (whites) had gathered.

The officers wanted Myles Fukunaga for questioning. But he was not at home and obviously would not return while the police were there and a large crowd gathered outside, especially if he was guilty.

Ned Chillingworth of the police department went in search of the boy's father. "We'd be let the 14-year-old sister of Myles go in the car with the police to see if they could locate the boy?"

The Oriental father was reluctant to let his young daughter leave the house in a police car. "He is not the boy you want," Fukunaga said, his forehead furrowed with his earnestness. "He is a good boy."

But finally he consented. Then ensued a strange search. In through the doors of the library of Hawaii went the police and the girl; from there three blocks away to the library of the Central YMCA and down Hotel Street in downtown Honolulu. Then to the Nuuanu YMCA a few blocks away. But there was no sign of Myles Fukunaga. None of the librarians had seen him, although he was known to them all.

The young girl was on the verge of tears when, passing the crowded corner of Fort and Hotel, she saw her brother standing there, a folded newspaper under his arm.

"There he is," she said. "There is Myles."

Detective Chillingworth stepped out into the curb.

"You looking for me?" asked the Japanese youth. His voice was soft and his diction that of one who read a great deal. "I am willing to go with you. I was just going home to my mother to confess the whole thing."

Ned Chillingworth stared at the boy. "Come with me," he finally said.

Myles Fukunaga was taken to jail.

Johnny Toshi and the other suspects were freed. Angry mobs gathered outside the jail. The hastily impounded grand jury indicted Myles Utaoka Fukunaga for murder in the first degree.

Myles Fukunaga, the youth with the soft voice and soft brown eyes, but a merciless core of violence behind them, was tried. He confessed. The trial was short.

In his confession some of the strange personality of Myles emerged. He had worked as a pantry boy at the Seaside Hotel, as an elevator boy at the Queen's Hospital. He read Shakespeare and murder fiction and twice in his few years had attempted to take his own life.

"I wanted the money to go to San Francisco and get a job," he said. "I wanted to make something of myself, and I wanted to get even with the Hawaiian Trust Company because it threatened to move my family out of their house when they could not pay the rent."

He had never seen Gill Jamieson before he planned the crime. He had simply started at the top of the company's officials and since the company president did not have a child, decided on the son of the vice-president. He studied the habits of the family, hung around the neighborhood and got to know Gill by sight.

On the morning of the crime he had taken the victim from the school and asked the driver to carry them to Waikiki. He had given Gill candy and had talked to him to keep him calm as he lured him to the spot under the *hiawe* trees. Only when he had Gill there did he realize fully that he would have to kill him in order that he might be free to contact the family. He had strangled the boy and then slugged him with a heavy stick he had found and later thrown away. On October 8, 1924, Myles Utaoka Fukunaga was sentenced to death for the murder of Gill Jamieson. Within three weeks he was hanged in Oahu prison.

EDITOR'S NOTE: To spare possible embarrassment to innocent persons, the names Johnny Toshi and J. Ishoshima, used in this story, are fictitious.

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# Hush-Hush

(Continued from page 15)

said someone was pulling a double cross and he was going to check on it."

"Did he mention names?" Edwards suggested.

"No, but it had nothing to do with his business," was the cryptic reply.

Fort Dodge authorities 120 miles east of Sioux City were asked to investigate this information and within a short time reported they had located a tavern owner who spent several hours with Hoover on September 12, took him to the railroad station and saw him board a train due to arrive in Sioux City about 10 o'clock on September 13.

It took several more hours to locate the taxi driver who picked up Hoover at the station and drove him to the Traveler's Hotel. "Don had plenty of money and looked like he had been on a bender," the man declared. "He told me he expected to sleep all day and go back to South Dakota that night."

A business man whose office is directly across the street from the hotel was questioned. He saw Hoover on the afternoon of the 13th, fixing the date as that on which he forwarded a quarterly income tax payment. Hoover came out of the hotel shortly after noon, went to a small restaurant a few doors from the corner and an hour later got into the back seat of his wife's maroon Ford sedan parked beside the hotel and went to sleep. About 4:30 in the afternoon he was seen entering the hotel.

Mrs. Hoover, summoned to headquarters again and asked for additional information, said she knew nothing about a double cross. She confirmed Hoover's presence at the hotel on the 13th. "I told you he was here in September," she complained. "He wanted me to go to South Dakota and I couldn't see it his way. Bud agreed with me and Don didn't like it at all. That's why we split up."

"Bud moved in when Don moved out," White remarked.

She glared at the big detective. "One Hoover is enough!" she snapped.

After she left the Lieutenant Gibbons told Edwards and White of his work with the dead man's clothing. "There was a hidden laundry mark on the shirt but we found it. It's one of the new-fangled kind made with invisible ink. We located the laundry owner and he said he not only put on the mark but personally delivered the shirt and some other things to Hoover at the hotel and walked right in on an argument between Don and Bud. Rusty was siding with Bud."

"We've stirred up a fine mess," White commented. "The word is getting round that Hoover is missing. We can't keep up this hush-hush stuff much longer."

"Maybe we won't have to," Edwards said. "We can figure the murder wasn't engineered by some out-of-town gang because the other departments have cleared the hoodlums who did business with Don. We've cleared the local talent, so we'll look a little closer home—say the Traveler's Hotel. We've traced him that far. He went in there at 4:30 on the 13th, but we haven't got him out of there yet."

"And it looks as if Rusty and Bud Hoover have been getting pretty friendly," White added. "I'll wager that's the double cross Hoover was talking about."

"Looks like it," Edwards agreed. "Don knew what was going on and they had to do something. All we've got to do now is prove it."

That night the two detectives adroitly questioned scores of persons who frequented



## INSIDE DOPE

**P**RIOR TO PASSAGE of the Harrison Anti-Narcotic Act of 1914 drugstores were really drug stores—not combination soda fountains and cigar counters as so many are today. Addicts simply walked in and plunked down their two bits in return for which the pharmacist dispensed enough morphine or cocaine for a couple of days' dreams—and no questions asked!

New York City is the national headquarters for drug rings which stretch their tentacles across the continent. From the Carolinas to California dope peddlers use the same code. Morphine is "M" or "No. 13," M being the thirteenth letter of the alphabet. Cocaine, by the same token, is "C" or "No. 3."

The world's legitimate medical and scientific needs today for drugs derived from the opium poppy would be more than taken care of by a production of 400 tons a year. World production today, however, is known to be 5,200,000 tons. . . U. S. Bureau of Narcotics agents seized 18,221 ounces of morphine in the past two years. Every ounce the "N-men" confiscate contains 1,440 needles!

Attempts were made in '38 by a New York-Paris smuggling ring to get dope into the country by slitting the covers of prayer books and inserting an envelope containing two ounces of heroin—the most powerful of all drugs—three times as potent as morphine. The prayer books were imported by individual smugglers and stowed under assumed names. . . Customs officials on the Canadian border uncovered dope in a tourist's tube of shaving cream. . . On the troublesome Mexican border eagle-eyed inspectors spotted capsules of drugs tied to the legs of carrier pigeons en route to California. . . A visitor from Havana was caught with morphine secreted in a hollow cigar lined with a glass tube. . . Police but firm female customs inspectors have barred contraband narcotics neatly concealed under two-way-stretch girdles.

Not since Sherlock Holmes "took his hypodermic syringe filled with a seven per cent solution of cocaine, rolled back his left shirt-cuff and thrust the point home three times a day" has Scotland Yard been as plagued as today with the "white stuff" in London's Limehouse and Soho districts. Opium dens in the British capital now outnumber even the long-notorious dives of Liverpool's Chinatown and Cardiff's Rite St. Superintendent Edward Greeno of Scotland Yard points to Chinese drug-runners as the culprits. Genissimo Chiang Kai-shek's drastic action this past winter in imposing the death penalty for opium traffickers has apparently proved ineffectual in blocking sinister East-West narcotics rings operating on a fabulous profit basis.

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the neighborhood of the Traveler's Hotel. They learned that Cavasell "Bud" Hoover and his brother's wife were inseparable; that the brothers had argued loud and long about the red-haired Violet; that she had told friends that some day there would be a showdown between her and Don.

A night watchman who had heard of the search for Hoover declared he knew that the man was dead and pointed suspicion squarely at Bud and Violet.

"I make the rounds once every hour," he said. "One night I heard a lot of noise on the stairs at the hotel and I thought there was a fight. Instead, Bud and Rusty dragged a big garbage can out to the curb. She got into her car and backed it around so they could load the can. I could see it was heavy and I wondered why they were moving trash in the middle of the night. Well, my guess is that Don Hoover's body was in that can. Anyway, they drove south on Virginia Street."

"That's right," the watchman nodded. "An hour later I passed the hotel and her car was parked in the usual place."

A hanger-on at the Traveler's reported a comment by Mrs. Hoover when she returned from her second visit to police headquarters. "If I have to go back there once more, I'm a dead duck!" she exclaimed. "Getting jittery," White grinned.

**WHEN THE OFFICERS** returned to headquarters shortly after midnight Saturday two significant reports awaited them. First, a message from Sheriff Goodsell said the rumor that Don Hoover was dead had spread into Nebraska, and the owner of McCoombs' Market in South Sioux City had been taken into custody for selling the market. One of the south employees there declared friends living at the Traveler's Hotel were certain Hoover had been killed. Mrs. Hoover had redecorated the central corridor and painted the walls and floor a dark mahogany color. New linoleum had been placed in a dressing room and bathroom on one side of the corridor. Furthermore, Mrs. Hoover had destroyed a nearly

The second report was from a truck driver who had been friendly with Don Hoover. He wanted his shotgun and a box of shells he had put up as security for a loan from the hotel owner. Mrs. Hoover had refused to deliver it, saying she knew nothing about Don's business. The gun was described as a 12-gauge Winchester pump gun, and the shells as loaded with No. 4 shot.

"So that's the weapon that was used, and the killing took place in the corridor or dressing room," White summed up. "And the garbage can was used to get rid of him."

For the next 48 hours Edwards and White worked unceasingly to gather the loose ends of the case against Rusty Hoover and his handsome brother-in-law.

Cavanaugh Hoover had an impressive police record. He had been picked up half a dozen times on petty charges but always managed to escape punishment until he helped kidnap the father of an armored money truck in 1935, and the Federal authorities took a hand. He was sentenced to 20 years and in April 1945 had been paroled from Leavenworth Prison. Since his return to Sioux City he had lived at the Traveler's Hotel and worked steadily at the Armour & Company, packing plant.

Inspection of Rusty Hoover's Ford sedan revealed that it had been fitted with new seat covers. There were ominous dark stains on the upholstery under the covers.

A dozen reputable witnesses declared that the relationship between Don Hoover's wife and her brother-in-law was much closer than

On Tuesday afternoon, five days after they were assigned to the case, Edwards

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[illegible]

(Continued from page 25)

red earth was to be observed was a page of that day's newspaper, in which probably, the officers figured, a handout had been wrapped and given to some tramp.

A cast was made of the heelprint found beside the Richmond door, and Deputy Webb processed and compared a number of fingerprints found in the Richmond home, but all were those of the son-in-law, daughter or the victim himself.

**I**N THE HOSPITAL, Nissen rallied briefly. He was able to whisper that he could not identify his assailant, that he had just walked into the house when a big man rushed at him, fired a shot, leaped over his body and ran out the front door.

Then Carl Nissen, who had seen most of California's growth as the Western bastion of the United States, sank into a coma in which he died.

Webb, in looking over the piece of the newspaper brought in from the hobo jungle, found a column of faded figures penciled along one margin. Publicity on this discovery led detectives to the home of Mrs. Mary McWilliams, who said she had given food to a tramp wrapped in that very paper. She identified it by the column of figures, which she said represented the prices of several articles she had purchased at the grocery a short time before the beggar came.

"He was a very big fellow," she declared "But nervous, and shifty-eyed. He wore a stubby black Charlie Chaplin mustache."

Here was the first real lead. The description Mrs. McWilliams gave was circulated among peace officers all over the West, but nowhere could the man with the Charlie Chaplin mustache be located, and weeks passed.

"There's only one chance," Mull declared resignedly. "If we could reconstruct the crime, perhaps we'd find there was some clue which had been overlooked."

"We can try," Webb agreed. "But how far we'll get, I don't know."

They visited the Richmonds, explaining the purpose of their call. The son-in-law and daughter of Nissen were, of course, anxious to help in any way they could.

They retold their story of driving home in the rain, of Dr. Struble's meeting them at the door with the tragic news, of their waiting to hear from the hospital whether Nissen was alive or dead, of the arrival of the two deputies.

"You came in with Dr. Struble," Mull reviewed. "You waited. You turned on the radio. You . . ."

"Turned on the radio," attractive Mrs. Richmond echoed. "That seems a strange thing to do. I suppose it was out of habit." She paused, starting at the cabinet standing against the living room wall. "But we couldn't have turned the radio on," she said. "It was broken. I remember that very clearly. It had gone out of commission only the day before dad was shot. We talked of calling the repairman, and I stopped in to see him when I drove down after Everett that afternoon. But his shop was closed."

Mull looked up, his eyes afire with sudden hope "Are you sure about the radio being out of order then?" he queried.

"Positive," Mrs. Richmond answered.  
"Did you have the repairman in later?"

"Why, no. We never thought of it. But it is working. We've used it quite a lot to

How do you suppose it came to be repaired?"

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night. None had handled the Richmond store. "Nissen" couldn't have fixed it," Mull pointed out. "He was shot as he came in the door. Fantastic as it seems, the only person who could have repaired that radio receiver was the killer himself. Why he did it, I can't guess. But he's the only one who could have worked on it."

The set was dismantled and Deputy Webb found a number of clear fingerprints on the metal surfaces inside. He developed these and they were sent to the state identification bureau in Sacramento. Two days later they were identified as those of M. C. Reid, who had served a six-year term in San Quentin prison for assault with a deadly weapon.

And on Reid's record appeared the notation that he was a radio repairman by trade. "I knew it," Mull exclaimed. "You see, he wore gloves while going over the house, but he had to take them off to fix the radio set, and that's where he made his mistake."

An alarm was broadcast for Reid. Webb and Mull waited hopefully for word that he had been picked up. His photo was sent out, both plain and with a mustache such as Mrs. McWilliams had described, but more weeks passed and Reid remained at large.

The silverware and jewelry stolen from the Richmond home had never turned up in a pawnshop or second hand store. New descriptions of the loot were distributed among loan brokers and merchants, who were warned that anyone presenting them would be involved in a murder.

Then, on November 28, 1932, just three months to the day from the time when Carl Nissen was shot, Deputy Mull received a telephone call from an excited pawnbroker whose shop was only a few blocks from the courthouse in Oakland.

"There's a big man in here trying to dispose of some stuff that answers the descriptions of the loot in that Hayward murder," he informed the officer.

"Okay!" the deputy exclaimed. "Stall him off till I get there. Tell him you've got to test the silver or something, but don't let him get away."

MULL SPED to the shop. He parked several yards short of the entrance and sidled along the buildings, loosening his gun in his holster.

He entered the place like a casual customer. There was only one man at the counter, a large fellow who apparently was waiting for the proprietor, who was somewhere in the back of the shop.

The customer was Joseph Reid. Mull recognized him from his photo. But in the instant that he was sure he was facing the long-sought killer, Reid spotted the newcomer for a policeman.

He played into Mull like a fullback, and made the door. The deputy, caught off balance for an instant, raced after him.

As Mull came tearing out of the door a revolver barked only a dozen feet away.

Reid had taken refuge behind a trash can at the curb.

In a flash Mull saw there was no other cover at hand. He hit the pavement, face down. Reid fired again. Pedestrians melted from the street. Mull held his revolver in his right hand, but did not shoot. He could not see a target; and he was afraid to squeeze the trigger unless he was sure of his mark. A stray slug, he knew, even in his moment of danger, could easily find an innocent victim.

From behind the trash can the killer's pistol snarled a third time, and a fourth. Mull was thinking fast. He had not seen Reid's gun, but he had it was a revolver, not an automatic. The fifth bullet whined past his ear. The brave deputy came to a decision. He would gamble that he was facing a man armed with a sixgun. One more shot, and then the cylinder would be empty.

The sixth gunblast rocked him, but he still was untouched. Mull sprang from the sidewalk and dived at the trash can. He

half expected to feel a slug slam into his body, but none came. The slug kicked aside the can and covered Reid with his gun.

"Okay," the ex-convict said hoarsely. "You got guts, copper. I'll come along now."

He surrendered a revolver with six empty cartridge cases in its cylinder.

At headquarters Reid was quickly convinced that he might as well confess to the slaying of Carl Nissen.

"I never meant to kill anybody in my life," he said. "I was just a burglar. I was wet and hungry that day, and decided to go in this house and pick up some junk I could peddle for a few bucks."

"Well, I got a system when I'm robbing a house. I always play the radio good and loud. Then the neighbors never think there's anything wrong. They just suppose the family's home because it never occurs to them that a burglar would want to make any noise."

"But this set ain't working. You already know I'm a radio expert. So I took off my gloves like a damn fool, and took the set apart."

"It wasn't much of a job. Just a loose wire. So I tuned in a station and got to work. I was upstairs, and looked out and saw the old man coming up the walk. I figured maybe he was a stranger and would go away. But he came on in. I ran down the stairs, met him in the hall, and took a shot. I saw him fall. Then I beat it. That's the story."

He said he had shaved his mustache, and had gone to the home of a girl friend in San Francisco to hide out. "I bummed around awhile," he said, "and then came back to her place. But she was sore at me for some reason. She's a little spiteful, anyway. She threw all the stuff I'd stolen at me, and told me to get out."

"Like a dope I figured maybe the heat was off, and tried to peddle the silver. You got me. That's all there is to it."

In court a few weeks later Joseph Reid pleaded guilty to a murder charge and was sentenced to life imprisonment in Folsom prison.

## Rich

(Continued from page 19)

merchant here and there, avaricious for the last dollar.

Then Epton again came to Aberdeen. But he was in no condition to go to the office. Instead, he went to a hotel room to finish off his bottle. Word of his drunkenness got around. A suspicious stock purchaser went to Epton's room. The door was opened by Barton. Lying on the bed, semi-conscious, but obviously drunk, was Epton. Barton, too, was somewhat the worse for some serious boozing.

The tidings spread. An angry delegation called on Epton and his assistant in their rooms. Epton listened calmly to their demands for their money back. Then he raised his hand.

"Cease that gabble, will you," he demanded insolently. "The bank's closed. Be there tomorrow morning when it opens and you'll get every cent of your money, and don't come crying around trying to buy stock again. If you want to make fools of yourselves that's your lookout, but you're not going to make a fool out of me."

Some of the members of the delegation hesitated. But they finally stuck to their guns, saying they would be at the bank when it opened in the morning.

They were. But Epton and Barton weren't. Nor was the absent-minded Dr. Day. Nor were any of the surveyors or engineers at the "mine." The Ruby Beach office, it is







detectives heard the story which repaid them for their herculean work. It was the end of an amazing trail and as D'Antonio spoke they were glad that they had stayed on it.

The youth said that he and Joe Bartulis had been snatching along Pierpont Street 19, 1944, looking for a likely robbery victim. The man he learned later was Ralph Oliver came along. Oliver was alone.

"We stayed behind him until he was at the dark parking lot," D'Antonio said. "Then Joe ran up and grabbed him from behind. He got him so tight around the throat that the guy never made a sound. Joe dragged him into the parking lot and held him on the ground."

Joe stayed on the sidewalk watching for people or cars but nothing came along. In about five minutes Joe came out. He had some bills, about \$25 and a gold wristwatch.

## Desert Doom

(Continued from page 40)

hand to tell you the old man is conscious," Deputy Johnson reported. "They found a statement in his clothes which he must have written last night. He named William S. Estaver, a Detroit dentist, as the one who shot him and killed his wife."

Polhaus digested this new information. "I'm going to Yuma," he said. "You better come with me, Baker. If Johnson's talking, now is our chance to get a description and enough information to know the man we're after." He turned to his deputy. "You can follow us in the Dodge. No point in keeping it out here any longer. Better come along, Sullivan."

The railroad officer shook his head. "Just drop me on the right-of-way. We've got a signal repairman named Jack Sleeths working this section with a gas car. When he comes along I'll get him to take me into Gila Bend. Maybe we can run into the man who walked away from that car last night."

"Good idea," the sheriff agreed. "As soon as we talk to Johnson we will contact you in Gila Bend."

One hour and 25 minutes later Polhaus and Baker were ushered into a sunny room in Sister's Hospital at Yuma. Peter Johnson, his neck and shoulder swathed in band-aids, turned a gaunt face to them from the pillow. His voice was weak but steady as he related the strange story of the tragedy on the desert.

On the second of November Johnson and his wife had left Denver to drive to California. They had rejected a direct route in order to pass through Tucson, which they reached on the afternoon of November 14.

There they went directly to the Dodge agency. Parking his car in front, Johnson walked in to inquire regarding some small repairs. When he returned to the car he found Mrs. Johnson in conversation with a slender, dark-haired, neatly dressed man who appeared to be in his middle 30s.

"This gentleman is in trouble and needs help, dad," Mrs. Johnson said. "His car is broken down between here and Yuma and he is looking for a ride."

The stranger nodded affirmation. "That's right. I had to come into Tucson to get some parts. My wife and the car are in Stoval. I've got the parts and I'd certainly appreciate a lift out there."

Johnson motioned to his heavily loaded rear seat. "I'm afraid we can't take you," he said. "Anyway, we have been figuring on following the Blythe road."

The stranger looked at the loaded Dodge and warned Johnson against the road, showing him a photo of a car stuck in the sand

and saying it was his machine on a previous trip. He recommended a cutoff through Ajo, and, upon learning the Johnsons had not yet engaged hotel rooms, he suggested the Willard.

He also handed Johnson a card identifying himself as William S. Estaver, a Detroit dentist.

THE JOHNSONS found the hotel comfortable and the food good. Estaver himself was not registered there when they arrived, but came by later.

Feeling grateful and sorry for the Detroit dentist's plight, Johnson changed his mind about taking him as a passenger. He had figured out a way to accommodate Estaver despite his heavy load in the Dodge.

"It won't be much trouble," he assured the stranded Detroit. "We've got a trunk we can take out and ship by express. Then there will be room for you to ride with us, if you won't mind a bit of crowding."

"I'll be glad to pay the express charges," Estaver offered.

The deal was made and it was agreed that Estaver and most Johnson early in the morning to help reload the car.

The Johnsons and their guest left Tucson a few minutes before 9 o'clock November 15, with the dentist riding in the rear. It was nearly dusk when they reached Ajo, and Johnson suggested spending the night at the new Cornelia Hotel there. But Estaver insisted that it was only another hour's drive to Stoval over a good road. "There is a very fine hotel there," he said, "and I'd like to rejoin my wife tonight."

"We'll drive about 15 miles from Ajo," Johnson continued, "when this fellow started shooting. He shot me first, then he killed Anna, then he shot me again. The car stopped, but the motor was still going. I knew we had to get out of there. Estaver climbed out of the car and was on the running board right beside me at the time. I think he wanted to make sure of me. I got the machine in low gear and stepped on the gas hard. He wasn't expecting it and fell off. I drove as far as I could in the dark. Then I stopped and sat there. I knew he might come up on us, but Anna was dead and I was too done up to care. This morning I got to where those folks found me."

Old Peter Johnson lay back on the bed exhausted. Polhaus and Baker assured him they would do everything in their power to trap Estaver.

As they left the hospital, the sheriff speedily mapped his campaign. Johnson's was a strange story and there were a dozen loose ends to be checked.

Joe Kelly, chief special agent in command of the division's railway police, was waiting in the sheriff's office when the two officers arrived.

"I've got a man at Stoval who can look around the hotel there," Kelly informed Pol-

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hismus and Baker after hearing the story.

"I think the killer was lying about the automobile and his wife," the sheriff said. "But it will do no harm to make sure. I'm going to call Ben Daniels in Tucson and get him busy on that end, and I promised to call Sullivan at Gila Bend."

Pima County Sheriff Daniels agreed to inquire at the Willard Hotel and at every other lodging place in Tucson for information on Estavér. "Cox, the manager at the Willard, should know something about it," Daniels said. "If we get anything I'll call you."

It was, as Polhaus had said, a bizarre story. What had prompted the sudden vicious assault on the Johnsons? The sheriff's snap judgment that Estavér was lying about his broken-down car and his wife was based principally on the Yuma officer's knowledge of Arizona roads.

The photograph of the Cadillac stuck in the sand could not have been made on the Blythe road. It must have been taken in the dome country between Yuma and El Centro, Cal. The best and most direct road from Tucson to Yuma would have brought the Johnsons along the line of the railroad, over a good highway, through Casa Grande, Gila Bend and Sentinel.

These facts cast a sinister light on the dentist's recommendations. Polhaus was convinced the trip had been arranged with murder in mind. The Johnsons had been lured into following an almost deserted road through an unimproved wasteland. The killer had chosen an ideal spot for his crime, but Johnson's courage had ruined his scheme.

Had Johnson been slain by those first shots, the bodies of the Denver couple could have been buried in the desert. There was every probability that the facts of their disappearance in that case would never have been brought to light. The killer stood to gain possession of the new Dodge, Johnson's personal effects and the \$900 in cash found in Johnson's wallet.

When Special Agent Sullivan parted company with Baker and Polhaus, he had 20 minutes to wait before the signal repaired man, Jack Sleeths, came along on his handcar.

"What are you doing afoot in the middle of the desert, Pat?" Sleeths demanded.

Sullivan briefed the crime. When he reached the point where he was telling of the man with the little feet who left the scene of the shooting and headed north on foot, Sleeths jumped for the starter on the handcar. "Why, I saw a little guy walking down the right-of-way not more than three miles back. He asked me where he could get water and I told him to try Gila Bend."

**T**HE HANDCAR motor sputtered to life. Sullivan scrambled aboard. A stranger on the desert looking for water was suspicious.

Sleeths pushed the little gas car to its top speed. Sixteen minutes later he pointed to a section marker and shouted, "He was here when I saw him!"

They rolled on. Suddenly in the distance Sullivan could see the figure of a man hobbling along over the ties. As they drew closer, Sleeths nodded confirmation. That's him. The walker turned, saw the approaching handcar and stepped off the track.

The stranger was a short, slender man with dark straight hair, deep-set brown eyes, a high forehead and a rather sharp straight nose. He was wearing a conservative business suit. The cuffs and collar of his shirt were stained, and he had the appearance of a man who had traveled a long way on foot.

Sullivan made sure his short-barreled .38 was free in its shoulder holster, as he stepped off the handcar. "Where are you going, partner?"

"The little man in the business suit mopped his head. "I'm looking for water."

"Where did you come from?"

"My car broke down back on the road."

"How far back?"

"Quite a way. I've been walking all night."

"Where were you coming from?"

"Yuma. Kind of inquisitive aren't you, mister? I didn't rob the bank or run off with the farmer's daughter. A spring broke in my car and I set out to get help and find water."

The fingers of Sullivan's right hand disappeared inside his coat. When they came out the .38 was covering the suspect. "I'm with the railroad police. If you walked the tracks all night you passed through two towns, Sentinel and Stoval. So you didn't come from Yuma, mister. There is traffic enough on the highway so you wouldn't have to walk anyhow. Maybe you can give the right answers when we get into Gila Bend. That's where we're going and you're under arrest."

"The little man grinned good-naturedly. "That's where I'm bound and I'll be glad of a lift. Let's go. You can put away your artillery."

Not for a moment would Sullivan be thrown off guard by the stranger's acquiescence. He stepped closer, keeping the little man covered. With his left hand he began to search the other's pockets.

Beneath the man's waistband he found a .32-caliber Mauser automatic. "Now we'll go, buddy," he said gruffly.

It took the little handcar nearly an hour to reach Gila Bend. The station master was waiting for them with a telegraphic description of Polhaus and the wanted man.

Sullivan read the wire, then handed it to his prisoner. "If the shoe fits, you better put it on, Estavér."

In Yuma Peter Johnson identified Sullivan's prisoner as the man who had murdered

## Consolation Prize

In Phoenix, Ariz., Eleanor Masar got little consolation from the note a thief left in the place of underthings and blouses taken from her clothes-line. "You have good taste," the robber complimented.

Mrs. Johnson and who had shot him. A comparison of the exploded .32 shells found in Johnson's car showed they had been fired by the automatic Sullivan had taken from Estavér.

The little man promptly changed his story. He admitted his identity and confessed that he had ridden with the Johnsons. "But I did not shoot them. Two handits opened fire on us from the side of the road. I got out my gun from my handbag, put in four shells and fired back."

Estavér elaborated on the attempted holdup and his valor. "I was climbing out on the running board to fight them better when Johnson started the car and shook me off."

The story was ridiculous, but Polhaus let him talk. The slugs taken from the body of Mrs. Johnson and from her husband's wounds would, he knew, prove definitely who had done the shooting. Moreover, they had already recovered eight empty shells, which refuted Estavér's claim that he had fired only four times. He and Baker and Sullivan had carefully searched the ground at the scene of the attack. They had found no other footprints. Nothing at all to indicate more than one man had been involved.

Estavér was lodged in the Yuma County jail. A re-examination of the scene established that the murder had been committed in Pima County. The prisoner and all the evidence were turned over to District Attorney George Darnell and Sheriff Daniels of Tucson.

In the interim Daniels had not been idle. He had learned that Estavér had registered at the Willard Hotel on November 14 under the name of J. C. Beck. From November 11

to 13, he had lived at the St. Francis Hotel in Phoenix under the same alias.

In Tucson Estavér had approached several tourists and solicited a ride on the basis of his claim that his car was broken down in Sentinel. Checking this angle, Daniels learned that a month earlier, on October 22, Estavér and a woman, posing as his wife, had spent several days at the Bowers Hotel in Sentinel. On this earlier trip they actually did have a car break-down, and G. R. McGaw, the railroad telegrapher at Sentinel, had pulled them in from 18 miles east of town.

Estavér had undoubtedly drawn on this past experience to make his story convincing. Daniels learned that Peter Johnson's first stop in Tucson had not been at the Dodge agency. Instead he had gone directly to the Citizens' Bank where he cashed \$1,000 worth of traveler's checks.

On the day that he had identified a picture of Estavér as that of a man who had been in the bank for several hours on the fourteenth of November. It was obvious that Estavér had seen Johnson receive the money and then laid his plans accordingly.

On April 10, 1923—five months after the crime in the desert—William Estavér was brought to trial on a charge of murder in the Pima County superior court of Judge Samuel L. Pattee.

District Attorney George Darnell and Assistant District Attorney Ben Mathews represented the state. Estavér had employed Arizona's most outstanding criminal lawyer, John L. VanBuskirk, to defend him.

The trial dragged on for 13 days and resulted in a hung jury.

Much of the state's case was based on circumstantial evidence. Peter Johnson positively identified Estavér as the stranger who had begged a ride, but the elderly man made no attempt to conceal his personal desire to have Estavér convicted. VanBuskirk did everything possible to discredit the old man's memory, and when the first jury was discharged the lawyer predicted that the second would bring freedom to his client. Trial was reset on the calendar.

Sheriff Daniels, convinced that Estavér was guilty, spent long hours rechecking the evidence. On the twelfth of May the sheriff made a startling discovery. He identified William Estavér as Paul V. Hadley, an escaped Texas convict, who had once been convicted of murder for the killing of Sheriff W. T. Giles of Jefferson County, Tex.

In 1916 Hadley and his second wife Ida were honeymooning in Kansas City. Hadley was arrested on a swindling charge and Sheriff Giles came to Kansas City to return Hadley to Texas.

The prisoner's bride begged to be taken along. Giles consented and near Muskogee, Okla., Ida handed her husband a gun. In the struggle which followed Giles was killed and the Hadleys escaped.

They were arrested 24 hours later. Hadley was sentenced to life imprisonment. In 1919 he was released on a 60-day parole to attend to some business affairs. He had never returned to the prison.

This new information wiped out Hadley's claim of his own innocence. At his second trial the state proved beyond a doubt that the bullets which killed Mrs. Johnson had been fired from Hadley's gun.

The jury deliberated less than 60 minutes, then found Paul Hadley guilty of murder in the first degree.

On April 13, 1923, Paul Hadley, two-time loser, who had lured the Johnsons on that fatal ride, climbed the 13 steps to the gallows in the death house of the Arizona state prison at Florence. At 19 and a half minutes past 5 on that morning of Friday the thirteenth, Dr. Fred Perkins pronounced him dead.

The little ex-con, twice convicted of murder, was buried in the prison compound.

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